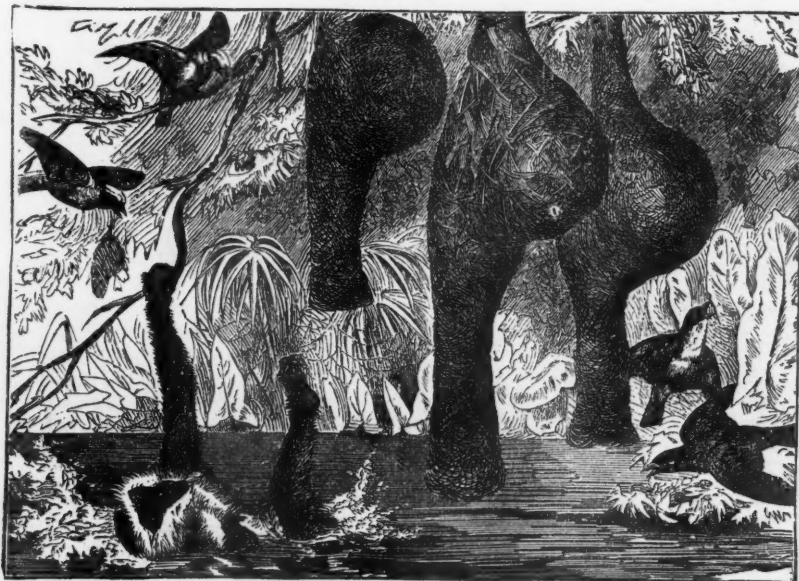


# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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NESTS OF THE MAHALI WEAVER BIRDS.

## THE SOCIAL WEAVER BIRD.

THE architecture of birds' nests is exceedingly curious on account of the great range of form and adaptation which it presents. Every species has some strongly-marked peculiarity in the line of construction, which is modified in many singular ways by the varied conditions which appertain to locality, climate and the attacks of enemies.

Among the most wonderful of nest-builders may be instanced the Weaver Birds. Dissimilar in shape and materials, there is yet a nameless something in the construction of their edifices, which at once points them out as the workmanship of this species. Some of them are huge, heavy and massive, clustered together in vast multitudes, and bearing down the branches with their weight. Others are light, delicate and airy, woven so thinly as to permit the breeze to pass through their net-like interior, and dangling daintily from the extremity of some slender twig.

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Others, again, are so firmly built of flattened reeds and grass-blades, that they can be detached from their branches and subjected to very rough handling without losing their shape, while others are so curiously formed of stiff grass-stalks that their exterior bristles with sharp points like the skin of a hedgehog.

The true Weaver Birds all inhabit the hotter portions of the Old World, the greater number of them being found in Africa, and the remainder in various parts of India.

"The Sociable Weaver Bird," says Rev. I. G. Wood, "is found in several parts of Africa, and has always attracted the attention of travelers from the very remarkable edifice which it constructs. The large social nests of this bird are so conspicuous as to be notable objects at many miles' distance, and it is found that they are generally built in the branches of the giraffe thorn or 'kameel-dorn,' one of the acacia tribe, on which the giraffe is fond of feeding,

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and which is especially valuable in Southern Africa for the hardness of its wood, from which the axletrees of wagons, handles of agricultural tools, and the strongest timbers of houses are made. This tree only grows in the most arid districts, and is therefore very

tion, they proceed after the following fashion. They gather a vast amount of dry grasses, the favorite being a long, tough and wiry species, called 'Booschmanees-grass,' and by hanging the long stems over the branches and ingeniously interweaving them,



SOCIABLE WEAVER BIRD.

suitable for the purposes of the Sociable Weaver Bird, which has a curious attachment to dry localities far from water.

"The Sociable Weaver Bird, which is by some writers termed the Sociable Grosbeak, in choosing a place for its residence, is careful to select a tree which grows in a retired and sheltered situation, secluded as far as may be from the fierce wind storms which are so common in hot countries. When a pair of these birds have determined to make a new habita-

tion, they make a kind of roof, or thatch, which is destined to shelter the habitations of the community.

"In the under sides of this thatch they fasten a number of separate nests, each being inhabited by a single pair of birds, and only divided by its walls from the neighboring habitation. All these nests are placed with their mouths downward, so that when the entire edifice is completed, it reminds the observer very strongly of a common wasp's nest. This curious resemblance is often further strengthened by the

manner in which these birds will build one row of nests immediately above or below another, so that the nest-groups are arranged in layers precisely similar to those of the wasp or hornet. The number of habitations thus placed under a single roof is often very great. Le Vaillant mentions that in one nest which he examined there were three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, each of which was in the possession of a distinct pair of birds, and would at the close of the breeding season have quadrupled their numbers.

"The Sociable Weaver Bird will not use the same nest in the following season, but builds a new house, which it fastens to the under side of its previous domicile. As, moreover, the numbers of the nests are always greatly increased year by year, the Weaver Birds are forced to enlarge their thatched covering to a proportionate extent, and in course of years they heap so enormous a quantity of grass upon the branches that it fairly gives way with the weight, and they are forced to build another habitation. So large is this thatch-like covering, that Harris was once deluded by the distant view of one of these large nests with the belief that he was approaching a thatched house, and was only undeceived to his very great disappointment on a closer approach.

"The object of this remarkable social quality in the bird is very obscure. As in many instances the nests of the Weaver Birds are evidently constructed for the purpose of guarding them from the attacks of snakes and monkeys, the two most terrible foes against which they have to contend, it is not improbable that the Sociable Weaver Birds may find in mutual association a safeguard against their adversaries, who might not choose to face the united attacks of so many bold though diminutive antagonists. The shape and general aspect of the nest varies greatly with their age, those of recent construction being comparatively narrow in diameter, while the older nests are often spread in umbrella fashion over the branches, enveloping them in their substance, and are sometimes only to be recognized as a heap of ruins from which the inhabitants have long fled.

"In general, the Sociable Weaver Bird prefers to build its nest on the branches of some strong and lofty tree, like the giraffe thorn above mentioned, which also has the advantage of massive and heavy foliage, disposed in masses not unlike the general shape of the Weaver Bird's nest. Sometimes, however, and especially near the banks of the Orange River, the bird is obliged to put up with a more lowly seat, and contents itself with the arboresecent aloe. The number of eggs in each nest is usually from three to five, and their color is bluish white, dotted towards the larger end with small brown spots. The food of this bird seems to consist mostly of insects, as, when the nests are pulled to pieces, wings, legs and other hard portions of various insects are often found in the interior of the cells. It is said that the Sociable Weaver Birds have but one enemy to fear in the persons of the small parrots who also delight in assembling together in society, and will

sometimes make forcible entries into the Weaver Bird's nest and disperse the rightful inhabitants.

"The color of the Sociable Weaver Bird is brown, taking a pale buff tint on the under surface of the body, and mottled on the back with the same hue. It is quite a small bird, measuring only five inches in length."

The Mahali Weaver Bird is also an inhabitant of Africa, and has a rather large range of country, being found spread over the land as far south as the tropic of Capricorn, and probably to a still farther extent.

The nest of this bird is quite as remarkable as that of the preceding species. In general shape and size it somewhat resembles the reed-covered bottles which are often to be seen in the windows of wine importers being shaped somewhat like a flask, or perhaps more like a common skittle, and being composed of a number of very thick grass stems laid longitudinally, and interwoven in a manner that can hardly be understood without an illustration. The Mahali Weaver Bird is very sociable in its habits, the nests being placed in close proximity to each other, a single tree often containing from thirty to forty of these ingenious domiciles.

#### A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

ON the brink of a dusty highway  
It stood and blossomed alone;  
It drank still dews in the darkness,  
Its root grew under a stone.

Brave was its heart at morning,  
And patient in noonday heat,  
While coming and going, going,  
Forever went busy feet.

And some bore burdens of sorrow,  
And some were weary with pain,  
And others kept happy rhythm  
To many a glad refrain.

Not large was its gift to offer,  
Yet gladly, the dreary while,  
It gave to the high and lowly,  
Alike, of its all, a smile!

And many a sad heart blessed it,  
And never a voice could chide,  
Till frost from a dreary heaven  
Fell over it, and it died!

ROSE GERANIUM.

THE LITTLE ONES.—"I passed a florist," says one, "so absorbed with his 'cuttings' that he did not hear my 'Good-morning' till twice spoken. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said he, 'but, you see, one must put his whole mind on these young things if he would have them do well; and I cannot bear that one should die on my hands, for I should almost feel as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need a deal more care than old ones that are used to storms and blight.' Here is a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, perseveringly, wisely, let us care for the little ones.

## HEART'S-EASE.

"WHAT made you hide this pansy behind the tuberose, ma? It looks as though it was afraid of being seen."

The speaker, a well-grown lad of eleven, held in his hand a dainty device in the shape of a picture-frame—the name has slipped my memory, but you have seen them, of course, and know exactly what I mean. There's a mat of fancy tinted paper, around which trails a half-wreath or spray of flowers painted by hand, not lithographed. The bit of work just completed seemed like a pure thought reaching heavenward. The design was simple, three tuberose branches drifting on a background of tender blue, and at the base, as if merely a piece of green cord binding the stalks together, wound a pansy's stem, the flower itself, with its gold and violet disk, almost hidden from view.

The lady to whom the above question was addressed blushed furiously, yet answered not a word.

"If you think you can love me again, as in the old, old time—and as I have always loved you—give me heart's-ease, paint me a pansy."

These words were folded in a letter, against which Mrs. Mossley's heart was beating. She could not answer Alrich; he must not know until—until—her thoughts, whenever they turned that way, went into so delicious a tangle she never got them out. To cover her confusion, she reached for a scarlet bow and pinned it with her collar.

"Mamma don't mean to be all black any more," lisped little Melora. "Yesterday 'twas a pink ribbon, to-day it's red. I guess to-morrow it'll be rainbows."

When Amos Mossley died, his wife's grief would, in all probability, have been neither deep nor lasting, had he left a tolerably fair income. Or any income at all, for that matter.

In order to revenge herself for some fancied injury at the hands of another lover, Melora Pomeroy married in haste, at the age of seventeen, and had had ample time and occasion for repentance. After twelve years of wedded misery she found herself a widow, whose only earthly possessions consisted of four children, a six-roomed cottage and fifty dollars. Perhaps in this connection I might mention a very pretty but tired-looking face, rippling brown hair, dove-gray eyes, a girlish mouth and a trim figure. Charms like these furnish many a young widow's chief stock in trade. However, there were those miniature editions of herself and Amos. These might prove a serious obstacle in the way of a second marriage, were she ever so desirous of forming such an alliance. A pink-and-white complexion, a tender glance and sloping shoulders—penniless prettiness—weighed in the scale with four children, could hardly be expected to turn the balance, at least, not with a single bounce.

Apart from affairs purely domestic, Mrs. Mossley was no sort of manager. Nor was there any earthly friend she could think of to whom she might turn in

her extremity. Her own immediate family lived hundreds of miles away, and were poorer even than herself. As for her husband's people, all she asked of them was to keep their distance. Singularly enough, having meddled with her affairs from first to last, after Amos died, they left her entirely. There was a spice of malice in the proceeding, to be sure, yet it proved none the less satisfactory on that account. Of course, there was a great deal of well meant advice from friends and neighbors; but that wasn't the thing, the helping hand was lacking. No use to say, "Open a boarding house," "Set up a trimming-store," "Start a school." You might just as well have talked to the kitten. Melora Mossley could not have taken the first step in either of these directions. Nobody coming forward to lead her in the way, she drifted along, scarce daring to look to that future when her last penny should be spent and her children left to clamor for bread.

Just before that uncomfortable season arrived, and at the right time to prevent it, the right woman appeared. Seeing her coming up the little front yard, between double rows of red and yellow hollyhocks, Mrs. Mossley was struck with contrition.

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself, but I never thought of her," she exclaimed, choking down a mixture of sobs and laughter, and groping in her bewilderment for the door-knob. "No, I never once thought of Rhuhanna Madison!"

The news of her friend's bereavement had barely reached Mrs. Madison at her home, fifteen miles distant, and here she was. Melora Mossley retained the liveliest and pleasantest recollections of the big girl who, in her babyhood fondled and kissed her when she was good, and slapped and pinched her when she was bad; and who, in all the intervening years never failed to praise or blame, as the case demanded; whose friendship was like the strong arms cradling, comforting her in infancy.

"Alrich must go to work," was this lady's declaration, after the widow partially regained her composure, and seemed ready to listen to some reasonable talk. "I'll find a place for him. Now, what do you propose doing for yourself and the rest?"

Mrs. Mossley gave a brief account of plans suggested and what she believed to be her reasons for refusing to entertain them, concluding with: "It's rather late to begin now, but I had some notion of writing a book. There's a little romance in my life, as you will remember."

"Yes," said Mrs. Madison, filling an embarrassed pause promptly. "Harper Sprague—Judge Sprague's only son—good a fellow as ever breathed, and doing a rushing business to-day, wanted you. Big dunce you were not to take him! Well?"

"I could disguise the facts somewhat, of course, and bring out the story in book-form; with the money that brought me—"

"Why not model a Greek slave, or paint a picture?" cut in the sharp tongue, so like a surgeon's knife it seldom hurt without a desire to heal.

"Model? Oh, dear! I never could do anything

in that way, not even with putty. As for painting, the best I ever did was to color a few flowers for the children."

"And how many books have you written?"

"None at all; but everybody praises my letters, and—"

"So, you think it's easy to write a book. A very common mistake, Melora; publisher's kindle their fires with them. Don't you know, you dear little gosling, that it takes a wider range of experience and severer training to write an acceptable novel, or even a good story, than to carve a statue or paint a picture? Where would I be if I'd gone to book-making instead of taking right hold of Jason's business, rough as it was? To be sure, Amos left nothing for you to carry on; but there's something you can do, and I've come for the purpose of mentioning it. If you're too proud, say so, and I'm dumb. You have rare genius for doing up furniture. I never saw anything nicer than those parlor chairs and the cottage set you repainted. Now, if you give up your dreams of authorship, and come down to employment, which foolish people may call unfeminine, but which is honest—and that's more than can be said of many of the tricks even respectable women resort to in order to gain a livelihood—if, I say, you can come down to that, I've got an order for you at once."

It was the leading Mrs. Mossley needed. She was ready to follow at once. Such of the inhabitants of this rural ward as had known her all her life, and her parents before her, were not a trifle shocked. They considered themselves in duty bound to look upon the movement with distrust until it proved successful. Thanks to the God of the widow and fatherless, and thanks to Rhuanna Madison, who remained long enough to "fight it out" for Mel Mossley, the tide of public opinion soon turned the other way.

"She'll be wantin' to paint our houses next," growled an Irish grocer at the outset, yet, four weeks later, the man offered her the use of his wagon when Alrich was home and could drive, and two days after that again sent three pairs of blinds to be done up.

"I see you looking at that chair," said Mrs. Madison, following the gaze of Harper Sprague's eyes. "It belonged to my little girl, the only child I ever had. Mrs. Mossley repainted it. Don't you think that cluster of pansies prettily colored? They were Sybil's favorite flower."

"Do you mean to tell me Mrs. Mossley painted those?"

"Most certainly; I saw her do it."

Putting aside all reserve—a very rare thing for Harper Sprague—he inquired particularly about Mrs. Mossley. Mrs. Madison, seeing him but seldom, and then only for a minute or two, he being usually so absorbed in business, had a great deal to tell, and enjoyed the telling intensely.

"For over a year now," she said, in conclusion, "Melora has been doing nicely. Everybody falls in love with her flowers. They are so entirely different from the outlandish whirligigs, the staring roses and

deformed pinks of the regular furniture dealer. She's improved wonderfully, too, since she took it up. I'm not an imaginative woman, as you know, yet I've seen a string of morning-glories she painted so naturally, that if noon found them all curled up and asleep, I should take it quite as a matter of course."

"She could do better than throw this talent away on kitchen or bed-room furniture," replied Harper Sprague. After pacing to and fro a moment, he unfolded a plan which presented itself when he learned who colored that group of pansies on the little chair. He had a friend, "a more than brother," who was in search of such a flower-painter, and would pay handsomely. "Will it be troubling you too much to ask you to send Mrs. Mossley this address, and advise her to call on the gentleman immediately?"

"I don't believe in transacting other people's business," returned Mrs. Madison. "Go and see her yourself."

"You advise me to take this step?"

"I do."

"Then I will go."

After that unlucky marriage they met occasionally, this couple who had loved as boy and girl, and never forgot. A passing-by, a nod, a bow, was the only sign of recognition each extended the other. Years had rolled along since even these brief greetings were interchanged; and now, after many months of separation, each looked straight into each other's eyes.

"How grandly he has grown," thought Melora Mossley, gazing shyly up into the manly face. "He is like a tower of strength."

"Dear little girl!" responded his yearning heart. "How nobly she has stemmed life's adverse tides! She is a dove, to be taken in out of the storm."

To the uninitiated it was quite surprising that Harper Sprague should neglect his own business and devote himself to his friend's; yet that is precisely what he did. At so great a sacrifice, however, not merely of his temporal interests, but of his feelings also, he would have closed the case summarily had not the children of Amos interfered. He was nothing daunted by the thought of assuming a step-father's responsibilities. Oh, no; they interfered with his courtship, that's all.

Melora Mossley, as prudent a woman as ever lived, kept herself so hedged about, there was no chance of a word in private.

Finally, grown desperate, Mr. Sprague penned the letter from which I have quoted. There was an order to be filled, and with such floral designs as the artist selected. If among the roses, forget-me-nots and lilies there might be found the single flower he named, Harper Sprague, looking them over afterwards, would be answered.

Leaning over the gate, next morning, watching Alrich as he walked away with that chary confession under his arm, Melora Mossley fancied herself sixteen again, with brothers and sisters in place of children; then, facing the brown cottage once more, she knew she was a mother, a widow, and that the burden

pressed heavily. How heavily, she had scarce dared stop and think until now—now, when it was about being lifted away.

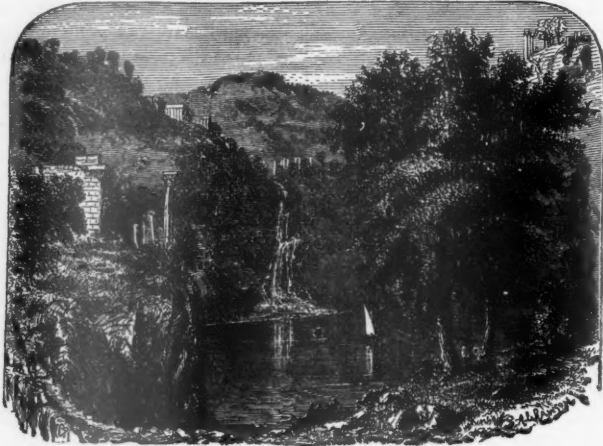
The "big gentleman," as the children called him came that afternoon. There was a wondrous light in his dark eyes, a rare smile about his mouth, and he kissed them every one, even "mamma," who turned as red as her ribbon.

Little Melora's "I guess to-morrow it'll be rain-bows," proved something more than mere infantile speculation. The clouds which had lain so long and

so darkly over the path of these lovers, lifted and drifted away, while hope, like the "rainbow's seven-hued glory," overarched their future sky.

Brimmed with the gold of sunset, rimmed with purple from a twilight cloud, crossed and re-crossed with fairy penciling, shy as a wood-violet, bright as a star, there was but one pansy playing hide-and-seek behind three tuberoses, yet it carried to Harper Sprague all he asked—he shared the gift with the woman he loved; and that was—heart's-ease.

MADGE CARROL.



### DELOS.

**T**HOUGH the smallest of the islands in the Grecian Archipelago, being little more than five miles in circumference, and with only a few shepherds and goatherds for its present inhabitants, Delos has both a fabulous and real history of much interest. According to fabulous history, it was once a floating island, but was fixed to the bottom by Zeus, in order that it might become the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, whose mother, Leto, was seeking a refuge from the wrath of Here.

Pinckney, in his beautiful poem on Italy, refers to this fable, when he says:

"Like happy islands of the sky,  
The gleaming clouds reposed on high;  
Each fixed, sublime, deprived of motion,  
A Delos to the airy ocean."

The earliest history which comes to us states that its inhabitants were Ionians; and it appears to have been the centre of great festivities, in honor of Apollo. In 426 B. C., the Athenians had Delos purified and all the tombs removed. A singular decree was passed declaring it pollution for a birth or a death to take place on the island. After 146 B. C. it became the seat of an extensive commerce. Its sacred associations; its great festival in honor of Apollo; its fine harbor, and its situation in the direct route from Southern Europe to the coasts of Asia, all combined

to make it a place highly favored by merchants. So great became its traffic, that it is said that as many as ten thousand slaves were bought and sold there in a single day. In the times of Mithridates it was devastated by war, and never recovered from the calamity. The town of Delos, which stood at the foot of Mount Cynthus, a granite crag of from four to five hundred feet high, is now a mass of ruins.

Among the architectural ruins which cover the island, the visitor may stumble over stones laid at least five centuries before the days of Solomon, intermingled with similar contributions from sixty subsequent generations. The remains of the great temple of Apollo, and of the colossal statue raised to his honor, may be distinctly traced, though shiploads of the more perfect architectural fragments were carried away centuries ago to Venice and Constantinople.

Referring to the old fable that Delos was once afloat, a recent traveler says: "The process of island-building along these volcanic coasts is still going on, in what may be termed a normal, as well as in a cataclysmal way; at least one island, and comparable in size to the lesser or sacred Delos, having been suddenly erupted not many years since. This one floated, moreover, but only in a disintegrated state, a scum of pumice having been all that remained of it after a few months' existence."

ADVERSITY does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretended to be such.

## MIRA'S EXPERIMENT.

"THERE, it is completed at last, and isn't it lovely, Roy?"

The young man raised his eyes from the page he was reading, looked for a moment at the garment offered for inspection, and replied: "Very."

But something in the tone did not quite satisfy the questioner, and she said, a trifle petulantly: "I know just what you want to say; you think it is too nice for a poor girl like myself, but let me inform you that it is manufactured entirely from old material by putting two or three dresses together."

"I know that already, Cousin Angie; but as you have judged me in the matter, I will take the liberty to give you the benefit of my thoughts. I was wondering why, if circumstances rendered it best that you should do your own dressmaking, you should be afraid that any one should know of it. Very likely you would lose caste with a few, but, believe me, their friendship is not worth the sacrifice in time you have made by being so fearful of discovery."

"What a long speech for you, Roy Wilder, but I fear I never could follow your rules. What if people should think my dresses were imported from Worth, as long as my conscience was clear it would not do any harm."

"Do not be too sure of that. I could offer several arguments to the contrary. For instance, I have heard of poor but worthy young men who feared to seek the favor of the ladies of their choice, because they could not sustain the style to which they were accustomed."

The bright color sprang to Angie's cheeks, but she answered in a trifling tone, as if she took no hint of his true meaning: "Oh, yes, I have read of just such things, but now I will leave you to your paper and seek a more appreciative audience," and she danced gayly into the adjoining room where her mother and the younger children were sitting.

Roy heaved a little sigh as he resumed his paper, and thought: "I do not know what to make of the little gypsy; she evidently knew that I referred to Noel Price. I was in hopes she did care for his love, for he is one among a thousand."

A moment later a young lady who had been sitting by the open fireplace, apparently absorbed in her own thought, rose and crossing the room took the seat which her sister had just vacated.

"Cousin Roy, your criticism is most just. It is false pride which has caused us to keep up appearances so much beyond the actual truth; you have been here some time now, and you have learned the truth in a measure, but I doubt if you know all the makeshifts and subterfuges to which we have resorted to make people think we were better off than we really are. I hated it,"—Roy did not doubt it as he noted the expressive look on her face—"but never thought of rebelling until one day last week, when I overheard part of a conversation which set me to thinking, and I thought after what you said to-night you might assist me, perhaps; the conversation to

which I referred was between two gentlemen on a street-car; they were talking low, and I had not been noticing them until I overheard the remark: 'There goes Miss Angie now; one would hardly suppose, to judge by her brilliant plumage, that her father was a bankrupt and working for a small salary, large family too. The house belongs to Mrs. Colburn, and some way or other they keep up considerable show, hoping to marry off one or two of their girls, I suppose; but Colburn's health is failing and he will give out one of these days, then what, I wonder?' Oh, Cousin Roy, have you noticed that papa is getting feeble?" and as Mira raised her eyes with the tears shining in their clear depths, Roy felt a choking sensation and turned away from her pleading look. "I am waiting for your answer; please be honest with me," said Mira.

"I will. I was astonished to find when I came, a couple of months since, that he had failed so much within the last year. I spoke to him about it, but he stopped me. 'I know it,' said he, 'but do not say anything to the family; if I can get some less confining work I may get better.' I have tried to help find some position better suited to his state of health, but without success thus far."

"And you could see all this and never give a word of warning to any of us, whose chief thought and happiness should be to relieve him," returned Mira, reproachfully.

"Forgive me, my dear cousin, but I misjudged you. I thought you must know of it, and I wondered that no helping hand was extended. Excuse my plainness, but my early education taught me to respect all legitimate labor. When father was so badly injured, mother immediately sold off the nicest furniture and moved into a smaller house, Jennie went into father's store as bookkeeper, and Lora took a position as teacher instead of pupil; and by economy and thrift father's business prospects were uninjured. My mother's position for some years was that of household drudge rather than society lady, but love lightened her labors; my father gave her the credit of saving him from financial ruin, and her children rise up and call her blessed."

Mira made no answer, but not from lack of interest; she was thinking how different it was in her own home, for her mother was the last person to whom she could think of going in this emergency. Roy seemed to read her thoughts, for his feeling toward his aunt's weakness sometimes rose almost to indignation, and now to check Mira's despondent feeling he said: "I interrupted you; you have not yet told me what plan you had in view."

"I have none; but ever since that day of which I spoke, father's careworn face has haunted me. I have been to see Mr. Marshall, but there is no prospect of any vacancy in the schools under his charge. I cannot go into the kitchen and do the work Bridget does, but I am sure I could do something to earn at least enough to pay her, if I could but get the chance."

"I will tell you just the place. Miss Rice leaves

next week, and I heard Mr. Ray say to-night that they had not engaged any one to take her place."

"And do you think I could get it? Oh, I would be so glad!" and Mira sprang up as if to go and find out that very minute.

Roy smiled at her enthusiasm, and replied: "I do, certainly; I will see him the very first thing in the morning, and do my best to secure it for you."

"Thank you, thank you, you are so kind," began Mira, but the entrance of other members of the family put an end to the *l'le-à-l'le*.

Up-stairs, Angie was looking intently at a photograph which she held in her hand, her thought meanwhile something to this effect: "I have wondered that Noel absented himself so much of late. Can it be that he thinks me so wedded to luxury that I cannot appreciate the love of a true heart? Luxury, bah! if he but knew the facts in the case I think he would not envy me what luxury I have, considering the price I have to pay for it," and the strangely inconsistent girl laughed merrily.

Mira, coming up the stairs, hastened to learn the cause, but was not quick enough to see Angie tuck the picture out of sight.

"What do you find to laugh at up here all alone?" she inquired.

And Angie replied: "Why, my own funny thoughts, to be sure."

Mira gave her an affectionate little hug, and then proceeded to unfold her plans, very delicately at first, for she anticipated considerable opposition and ridicule at the outset, but was greatly surprised to find that Angie was, on the contrary, immediately interested, and expressed the wish that she might also find an opportunity to assist in defraying the family expenses.

"I do not think that we could both leave home, sister; but I have thought that perhaps we could give Mary assistance enough so that we could dispense with the services of the washerwoman, which would save a little every week; then you are so good about helping the children with their studies," said Mira, kindly.

"I have it," suddenly exclaimed Angie; "Jennie Willet was wishing the other day, when I was giving Floy her lesson, that Leo and she had as good a music teacher as she was pleased to consider me. They have no teacher now; but it never entered my deluded head that I could possibly apply for the situation, but I will to-morrow. I could do that, you know, without interfering with home duties."

And try she did; and so successful was she in her first effort that she was encouraged to go to others with the same proposition. With some she was equally successful, while others who had always professed the most ardent friendship for her told her with a cold, haughty air that they were already supplied, or perhaps with a sneer that her services were not wanted, and she came home with flushed cheek and flashing eye; yet, as she told Mira, she was more than repaid for the rebuffs which she received by the kind manner in which a few ladies truly deserving

the name had treated her, and the fact that she had secured seven pupils in families where the parents were thankful to secure the services of so accomplished an artist as Angie was known to be.

Roy was also successful in securing the desired position for Mira, although the pay was to be comparatively nothing at first.

That evening the proposed ventures were made known to the entire family. As had been anticipated, Mrs. Colburn went into hysterics, and was very much displeased with the idea. Mr. Colburn, however, while he had never thought of any assistance from his family, and would have been only too glad to shield them from any of the unpleasant friction of life, yet, knowing his own feebleness and lack of this world's goods, was deeply sensible of the kindness which his daughters wished to render, and thanked them in a way that did them no little good. As Angie expressed it, "It would take away all the sting of Mrs. Nelson's unkindness to remember how affected father was, and how he seemed to love them for some quality which they had shown, and not merely as dolls, to be pampered, though it took his life to do it; but, Mira," she added, "I pity you to have to meet those day after day with whom you have been friendly, even intimate, and have them pass you by as a stranger, as I have no doubt, judging by my own experience, many will do."

"Whatever happens," replied Mira, "I shall know that I am in the path of duty, where God and my conscience approve, and that I have the sympathy of my dearest friends."

And so, with a hopeful heart, she entered upon the work; there was very much to learn, heart and hands and feet were very busy, and she was often so wearied after her day's work behind the counter that it seemed as if she would sink down with exhaustion. Angie's prophecy as to the conduct of former friends was correct; many a time was she stung to the quick by the fickleness of some one whom she had trusted would remain as of old; at other times she was more amused than annoyed, as, for instance, when Mrs. Prescott stared at her so blankly, then, turning to her companion, said in a half-whisper: "Mr. Ray has a new clerk. I wonder who it is."

Mira, happening to look in Roy's direction at that moment, could not help smiling at his look of indignation, and at the first opportunity he said: "I fear I did wrong in helping you to secure a situation where you would so often be subjected to insults, from people, too, who are far beneath you in everything but the supply of money they have at their command, as if that could purchase refinement of heart or friends worthy the name."

But Mira assured him that she was thankful every day for this work to do, that she was learning many useful lessons, and did not feel the loss of Mrs. Prescott's friendship or others of her stamp to be a detriment. As time passed her wages increased, and as she became thoroughly initiated in her work it became easier, and she could enjoy much that she simply endured at the first.

Meantime how does Angie prosper? Some of her pupils were not the easiest to learn or the most anxious to improve, but she had such a love for music herself that she seemed to infuse a similar spirit into the children; several of the parents commended her for her talent as a teacher, and she became so popular that in a few months she had all the scholars she could attend to and could have had more.

Mrs. Colburn gradually became interested in the work of Mira and Angie to such a degree that she threw off the mantle of half-invalidism which she had worn so long, and often took quite an active part in the housework; and when the girls ventured to suggest, as they had wished to all along, that several rooms which they could spare without inconvenience should be let to lodgers, she readily consented. The younger children were taught to wait upon themselves, and in one way and another in the course of a year a great transformation was visible in Mr. Colburn's home.

To no member of the family was this more gratifying than to the husband and father; he worked some hours less through the day and none in the evening.

Noel Price was not long in finding an opportunity of offering his hand to Angie; his heart, he told her, she had held in her possession a long time, but he had feared she would scorn him because he was poor; that Angie's reply was a satisfactory one our readers can easily imagine.

To Roy and Mira also, as they worked side by side and took note of the motives and aims of each other's life, came the consciousness of the happy fact that it was no mere tie of cousinly friendship (which was, in truth, more in name than relationship) which united them, but a love tender and holy, and which is experienced but once in a lifetime; and so when Roy asked Mira to be a sharer of his joys and sorrows, his counsellor and helpmeet in the journey through life, she gladly accepted; and as for him, he felt that his cup of joy was running-over full.

To all our friends the opening of the second year brought only happiness, and all were ready to congratulate Mira on the success of the experiments which originated from her idea. Both Mira and Angie decided to work another year as they had done the past, as assistants to their father, at the end of which time they promised to assume other and sweeter duties as the companions and housekeepers of the excellent men who had won their esteem and affection.

A most opportune occurrence at this time was the visit of Mr. Colburn's sister, an elderly lady, widowed and childless. Noticing with pleasure the new phase of life and action at her brother's home, and the cause of it, also of the proposed marriages, she gave to each of the girls a thousand dollars, and the same amount to Mr. Colburn. That many pleasant hours were passed in planning how to spend it and that none of it was employed foolishly, we may be very certain.

No elaborate *trousseau* was furnished, no expensive tour indulged in; but few experience the happiness that our friends did when fairly settled side by side in the pretty cottages which they had taken the utmost pleasure in furnishing and adorning in a neat and tasty though inexpensive manner. Mira and Angie felt that they could not envy the queen upon her throne, while Roy and Noel bore with fortitude the crosses and trials, the burdens and vexations of business life, resting secure in the consciousness of love and sympathy awaiting them at their own cozy firesides.

ROSAMOND.

## ERRORS OF A DAY.

ALONE in my quiet chamber,  
When the evening shades grow long;  
Alone, with my restless conscience,  
My errors around me throng;  
And they take the form of mortals,  
And some are troubled and sad,  
And some are evil and cruel,  
And some are fiendishly glad.  
They peer from over the paintings  
With piercing and prying eyes;  
They look from behind the curtains  
With a kind of cool surprise.  
They come, and I hear their footsteps  
Fall soft on the bare brown floor:  
They come, and talk together  
Of the day that is no more;  
They speak in awful whispers,  
And my heart stands still with fear,  
The day has departed from me,  
And left all my errors here.  
I clasp my hands in sudden despair,  
But they crowd the room and they throng the air.

I hear their rustling garments,  
As they pass me one by one;  
And, leaning out of the darkness,  
They speak of duties undone:  
"You might have been truer and kinder,  
In the hours that have gone away."  
Strange voices cry 'mong the shadows—  
Alas for the vanished day—  
"You might have said words of comfort,  
You might, but you did not speak;  
You might have lifted the fallen,  
You might have strengthened the weak;  
Many, many are the duties  
You have passed unheeded by;  
Woe! woe! for the day departed,"  
Reproachful voices cry.  
I gaze on these nightly callers,  
And my eyes are dim with tears,  
Till Faith in pity bends o'er me,  
And each phantom disappears.  
And veiling my eyes from her beauty, I pray:  
"Oh, my Father, give me grace for each day!"  
MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

# "AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Isa. xi, 6.

EMERSON says, in reference to babes and young children: "That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. \* \* \* Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it."

We may always notice that when a circle of grown persons gather around a child, a change takes place in the countenance, manner, words and tones of them all. The gravest and wisest of the circle will go through playful tricks, and talk a childish prattle to amuse the little one. Involuntarily they will soften and abbreviate their words, dropping "th" and the letter "r," and indeed all letters and combinations of letters that sound harsh, as children do themselves when they first learn to talk—a peculiarity on which "Aurora Leigh" comments when she speaks of Marian Erle's little boy calling her name,

"Alola, stripping off  
The r's like thorns, to make it smooth,  
To take between his dainty, milk-fed lips."

We almost coin a new language for an infant, feeling that common language is too rough and harsh to address to the lovely, smiling image of innocence—that words which have been employed in harshness, duplicity or any unlovely way are not fit to be addressed to the pure little being to whom we prattle.

We scarcely know of any more powerful rebuke to the discords of our nature and our lives than the presence of a little child. Did you ever see a little child come into a room where grown persons were talking in a heated, embittered way? We have seen such a sight, and never did we see so powerful a rebuke—a living, breathing rebuke—all the more forcible because so unconsciously given. The enchanting peace and innocence that breathed in the little face, and seemed to surround the child like a halo, made the tones, and words, and countenances of its elders seem so utterly unlovely. Gradually the ruffled countenances became smooth, the harsh words ceased. How could they go on in such a presence?

There is something so soothing, so restful and refreshing to us in the peacefulness of little children. It is a charmed atmosphere, and

"Our tantalized spirit here blandly reposes."

True, children are overflowing with restless, active life, yet at the same time they are at peace, in the sense of being free from anxiety and harassment. The hurry and fever of life is all around them, yet does not touch them. They seem to have a magic circle drawn around them, and to dwell apart in an island like that to which Edgar Poe compares the memory of his beloved:

"Some enchanted, far-off isle,  
In some tumultuous sea,  
Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms, but there meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile."

Such is the life of an infant or young child, amid the turbulent, surging waves of maturer and sadder lives. Surrounded by a blessed atmosphere of the tranquility of peace, it is at once a balm and a rebuke to those who are "careful and troubled about many things."

Reality is another great charm about a little child. It is the most sincere and unaffected of beings; all its sentiments and opinions are thoroughly real, unbiassed by self-interest or prejudice, unswayed by a desire either to gain anything or to conceal anything. Hence, a child's opinion is full of reality and vitality; a child's verdict is a genuine and independent one; a child's question is a searching and disconcerting one. Hence, children say the truest, the most startling, the most embarrassing, the most charming things in the world, fresh, unhackneyed and unstudied, uncolored by any thought of effect or consequence. For this reason, too, we feel charmed and flattered by the preference of a little child, knowing that the feeling is thoroughly genuine with the sincere and independent little creature.

Even mature persons lead us by what is child-like in them, for it is this that wins our hearts and gains our confidence. All great and pure natures have something essentially child-like in them—simplicity, sincerity, straightforwardness, trustfulness, freedom from self-consciousness and self-seeking—and when to these qualities are superadded strength, firmness, decision and the ripened intellect of maturity, or the lustre of genius, we see a great man a leader of men, such a man, for instance, as Plato or Newton.

All the most truly great men of whom history or biography gives us any record, the men who have exerted the most lasting and interior influence on their race, have shown something child-like in their nature.

A friend of ours once told us of a scene she had witnessed at a child's funeral, in a Jewish family, which touchingly and forcibly exemplified the influence a little child gains in a household. Before committing to the dust the exquisite little form, around which had clustered their tenderest feelings, they all knelt around it—the gray-haired old men, the stalwart father, the desolate and sorrow-stricken mother, the tearful brothers and sisters—all knelt and offered a fervent and solemn prayer that they might be forgiven every sin that would debar them from looking on the face of the babe in Paradise. Thus did the holy, purifying influence of the little one linger even after its soul had flitted away to its native clime. A little child, not only when death has set his solemn seal on its earthly part, but when alive, and overflowing with vitality and innocent joy, is a constant rebuke to our evils and a constant incentive for us to arise and strive after the purer and higher life. If the little

one we love has passed away and gone into the keeping of the angels, we tremble lest our evils should be so great as to put a great gulf hereafter between us and the child, and to debar us from seeing its sweet face in Paradise. If it lives, we should tremble yet more, on account of the dust that has gathered around our souls and lives, for the thought is still more awful and distressing, that we may be the means of warping and perverting this blessed little being, made in the image and likeness of God, that our evil example, our neglect or mistreating may fall like a chilling frost on this little bud, and keep it from unfolding into the beauty and fragrance of its God-given capabilities, so a little child, whether it be passed into the Heavens, or whether its presence on earth "makes sunshine in a shady place," affords us a constant and urgent incentive to arise from the dust and seek after what is pure, and lovely, and holy.

The Lord Himself has forever set a seal on the holiness of childhood by passing through it in His human nature, and by taking little children in His arms, blessing them and declaring that of such is the kingdom of Heaven. He also set a little child in the midst of the circle about Him; and, mark, the midst signifies what is inmost or highest, and consequently, what is purest and best. "In the midst of them" is spiritually the position occupied in nearly every household by a little child. Its elders set it in the midst of their hearts, guard it from all the roughness of the outer world, cherish it with a yearning and unspeakable tenderness, and so strongly are they influenced by its lovely innocence, that it may be truly said of them, "A little child shall lead them."

MARY W. EARLY.

#### UNDER THE SNOW.

HE is sleeping under the snow to-night,  
The winds are moaning sad and low;  
The loved and loving, our hearts' delight,  
Out in the church-yard, under the snow.

She whom we fain would shelter warm,  
Clasped in our arms, no more to part;  
Whom we would shield from breath of harm,  
Held anear to the pulsing heart.

Thus I'plained, and my eyes were blind  
With the bitter tears of my dark, dark grief;  
Tears that rained in a burning flood,  
And brought to my spirit no relief.

Till a voice came low through the silence sad,  
Tender and sweet as the winds at play;  
"Sorrowing mortal, dost forget  
That thy Father's hand is above alway?"

"When the year is young, in the sweet spring rain,  
The flowers will bloom on her grave again;  
And what does it matter, since God doth know,  
Under the daisies, or under the snow?"

S. J. J.

#### THE WORD OF A WOMAN; AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

#### CHAPTER XV.

IN the autumn that followed Jack Waldo's visit to Grayledge, the Darrows returned home. The death of her father had been a great blow to Ashley. It was the first shadow, worth the naming, that had fallen into her happy, love-sheltered life. Her husband had prolonged their stay abroad, fearing lest, on their return to America the old associations should revive his wife's grief. He had, to some extent, shared her sorrow, for he was as much attached to his father-in-law as it was possible for him to be to one so widely differing from himself in character and aims. The worldly-wise talk, the material views, the selfishness at bottom of the cherished opinions and purposes of the elder man could not fail at times to grate harshly on a nature like his son-in-law's. But, if Ashley's father, in his turn, regarded some of Royl's notions as rather too lofty and visionary for the stern tests of life, he was still immensely proud of his son-in-law, and thought Ashley had won the prize among men. On the surface the two always got on perfectly together.

In these years Ashley Brier certainly found no reason to regret her choice. Royl had kept the promise he made to her that night when the solemn, mighty forms of the mountains rose all around them, and the summer-stars looked down on them from the far, blue distances while they paced the piazzas. Royl had never forgotten the simple, generous way in which the courted, flattered girl had given herself to him. He always felt a certain gratitude towards her for the help and comfort she had been to him in that great strait of his life. She had been a new interest to him; she had given him something outside of himself to live for. Then it was in the man's nature to be tender toward whatever had claims on him; he could not fail in devotion toward the woman who bore his name, who was a part of himself.

And yet—and yet—it was with these two as it had been in their young days. Matrimony could not change the eternal nature of things. Mrs. Darrow satisfied her husband's tastes, and for a man like him, that is saying a great deal. He admired her beauty. Her graceful talk, her sparkling humor amused and pleased him now as always; yet, in his inmost soul Royl Darrow too often felt himself alone—as he had always done with Ashley Brier. If he had spoken to her of his soul's dearest loves and reverences, of its highest moods and aspirations, he would have spoken in an unknown tongue. She would have listened with her graceful head bent toward him; she would have answered him with her playful charm, with her never-failing wit; but, when it came to any sympathy with the finer mood that thrilled him, he might as well

\* Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1878, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

have gone to some beautiful statue. In his higher intellectual tastes, too, he found little companionship, for Ashley's mind was of the swift, bright, graceful sort, whose glance does not pierce to the heart of things.

But she was Royl Darrow's wife. He held her very close to his loyal heart; he would not allow his thoughts to dwell on certain limitations which, at times, forced themselves with sufficient sharpness upon him. Precious as a woman's recognition and companionship would have been in what was all-important to him, he could still live without these—still be sufficient to himself.

Mrs. Darrow led, after her marriage, much the sort of life she had as a girl. Indeed, she could hardly conceive of any other for herself. Her beauty had not in the least waned. She was still greatly admired in all the distinguished social circles among which she moved. She sometimes vaguely wondered how those women felt who were not in love with their husbands. But then it seemed natural and fitting that all the best things should fall to her lot—a husband among the rest. She still regarded Royl as her beau-ideal of men. Thus far, nothing had come, save her father's death, to strain that bright, elastic temper. She had not tasted the joys or the trials of maternity. She was still the beautiful, caressed, courted woman when she sat, almost eight years after her marriage, in the home from which Royl Darrow had taken her as a bride.

It was in accordance with Ashley's express desire that they had come here. Her husband would have preferred to take his wife at once to the house on Gramercy Park. He feared lest the old familiar rooms should bring back the dead with fresh grief; but Ashley's heart seemed in the matter, and her husband would not traverse her wishes.

Ashley Darrow was in her own room that morning. It was in the very chamber where, in the midst of her bridal-splendors, she had held that evening talk with her father. She was sitting in a lounging-chair, in a morning toilet. Nothing could be more becoming than the pretty French breakfast-cap and graceful *negligé*. She was not feeling quite well and had taken her breakfast in her own room. It was still early in the forenoon when Royl's uncle called. His nephew had just left the house, but Ashley sent down a message that Mr. Darrow should come upstairs at once. The two had always been the best of friends. Some wives might have been jealous of Royl's devotion to his uncle, but a thought of that sort had never crossed Ashley's mind. She was very fond of her husband's uncle, and liked to consult his tastes and wishes. The old man had lavished a great deal of affection on her. He liked to be where she was; he had a secret clinging feeling toward her, such as he had in those old dreadful days which he never could recall without a shudder—days when he had looked at that soft, white hand and felt that it held his fate.

In these years the man had grown somewhat older; the wrinkles were a little deeper; the frosting of hair

and beard a little heavier; yet all his friends said it was wonderful how lightly Alvin Darrow carried his years.

During their talk of the last half-hour the man had been regarding Ashley with an intent but covert watchfulness. He had shared his nephew's fears about her return to her old home. He had been, of late, very anxious about Ashley's health. There was a reason for it that not even her husband suspected.

In his last illness Mr. Brier had one of the most celebrated of Continental physicians. While they were in Paris Ashley had some slight indisposition, and this doctor had attended her. Afterward he had a talk with Alvin Darrow and made some inquiries regarding the disease of which Ashley's mother had died. After these were answered, the physician shook his old, white head gravely, and said: "That beautiful woman is doomed."

When Alvin Darrow, greatly startled, begged to know his meaning, he went on to say, in his strong, terse manner, that she had inherited her mother's constitution. All her brilliant color, all her apparently perfect vital forces, would not save her. Her life was just now in its full flush and strength. It was doing its work rapidly and perfectly; but the fatal ban of heredity would surely assert itself—would certainly claim its victim.

Alvin Darrow had known Ashley's mother. He remembered how the young, beautiful wife had suddenly sickened and faded out of life. Greatly alarmed, he begged the old physician to tell him whether the doom which he predicted for Royl's wife might not in some way be averted; but again the old man shook his white head. He seemed, at that moment, like some dreadful Fate, uttering his irreversible fiat.

"In such cases there was nothing to be done," he said. "There was no use in alarming the lady or her husband. In her tenderly-guarded life she would not be likely to expose her health. There was no predicting how soon the fatal tendency would declare itself. Possibly not for several years."

This talk had left a deep impression on Royl's uncle. He watched Mrs. Darrow afterward with a new, secret anxiety; but he did not confide a word of all this to her husband. Here, as always, he sought to spare Royl.

Ashley received her uncle that morning with a beaming welcome. She was very fond of him. Now, her father was gone, he held the second place in her heart. It was always pleasant to see the two together; to hear their bright, playful talk—the facile, sparkling grace of the young woman pitted against the culture and keen wit of the old man.

He bent down and kissed his niece with his grave, perfect courtesy; he held both the soft hands which she gave him, and looked with a long scrutiny into her face. As he gazed, the old doctor's voice rung in his thoughts. Could all that lovely bloom be fated to the early blight he predicted? Alvin Darrow was asking himself, while Ashley's clear, bright tones sounded pleasantly in his ears. "I am so very glad

you are come in, Uncle Alvin. Do sit down, and stretch your call to the last instant you can spare me. I have been thinking about poor, dear papa." Her lips quivered, her violet eyes filled with tears.

Alvin Darrow took his seat at once; he showed his fine tact by leading Mrs. Darrow's thoughts away from her grief; he related some stories which interested her. In a little while he had made her laugh merrily over some amusing anecdotes. In a pause of the talk, she found his eyes regarding her again with that peculiar scrutiny.

"Uncle Al," she exclaimed, "why do you look at me in that way?"

"What way, my dear?"

"Why, as though there were something about me you did not half like."

"To tell the honest truth, Ashley, I want the roses in your cheeks a shade deeper."

"Perhaps I shall be able to gratify you after Royl and I have had our drive this afternoon. We are coming down to dine with you, and see that new picture he has described to me."

What subtle law of association brought up to Mrs. Darrow at that moment the morning in the Louvre, when they had come upon Jack Waldo, the lady could never have surmised. She had been a little startled by the spell-bound way in which her husband stood before the Rubens portrait. Young Waldo's remarks had increased her curiosity. She thought all that day that Royl was more absorbed than usual. Was he actually thinking of another woman?

Royl Darrow had not felt that honor required him, before his marriage, to lay bare to Ashley Brier the story of his engagement to Genevieve Weir. It would be impossible for her to understand it, he reasoned, and might prove the source of subsequent pain to both of them. Beside, he felt it would not be possible to reveal to another that dream of his young manhood with the agony and mystery of its awakening. It would be like tearing open every quivering fibre of his soul.

Before they left the mountains, however, Royl had compelled himself to tell Ashley that another woman had, for a brief time, exercised a powerful influence in his life. Whatever she had been to him in the past—so he solemnly assured his betrothed—she was as the dead to him now. The whole subject was an inexpressibly painful and miserable one. He appealed to Ashley's generosity to spare him from the details.

Ashley Brier had not the curse of a jealous temperament; she had, beside, a very satisfying conviction of her own charms, and she was too happy at that time to be even curious regarding the woman of whom Royl had spoken.

"Of course he must, like all men, have had his young fancies," she thought. "She herself had had some harmless flirtations. What did they all amount to? She and Royl loved each other now. That was enough."

She had not even asked the name of the woman of whom Royl had spoken. The talk, indeed, had not

occupied more than ten minutes. It had never been alluded to again. Certainly its memory had not thrown the faintest dream of a shadow on Mrs. Darrow's married happiness.

But after that morning in the Louvre, the talk at the mountains did recur to her. It flashed across her, too, that it might have meant more than she suspected at the time. The woman must have had no slight power over Royl, when, after all these years, her pictured resemblance held him spell-bound. Her name, it appeared, was Genevieve Weir. Who could she have been? Where did she come from?

But the news of her father's death coming soon after, put an end to all these reflections. Perhaps they had never risen again in Mrs. Darrow's mind until this moment. Even now she did not pause to think twice. On a sudden impulse of curiosity, she turned to Alvin Darrow and asked: "Did you ever, Uncle Alvin, hear of a young woman by the name of Genevieve Weir?"

The man's heart gave that awful bound it had given the night when Royl told him he had been to Grayledge. As then, everything grew dark before him. That name, never spoken, was the one fear and dread in his life. He was sitting half in the shadow of the alcove, so that Ashley could not see the gray pallor that suddenly overspread his face.

"I have heard the name," he answered, not really knowing what he said.

Something in his voice sounded strange to Ashley. "Did you ever see her?" she persisted.

"I think I did—once. Why do you ask, Ashley?"

"I hardly know, unless it was a little thing that happened one morning in the Louvre" and in a careless, gossiping way she related the story of the Rubens portrait, and of their meeting Jack Waldo.

Before she had finished, Alvin Darrow had regained his self-control; he had devoured every word.

"I have some very shadowy recollection of hearing about this Miss Weir the winter before we were married," continued Ashley, half to herself. "She was from the country somewhere—a cousin of Maude and Ella Waldo. At any rate, I never met her. Can you remember how she looked, Uncle Al?"

"Ask me to bring you the philosopher's stone, my dear, but do not ask me to paint you the portrait of a young woman whom I perhaps met once—yes, I am sure I did—years ago. If I were half a century younger, no doubt I could oblige you," answered Mr. Darrow, in his gayest tones. "Has Royl ever mentioned Miss Weir to you?" As he asked this question, his own voice sounded like low thunder in the ears of Alvin Darrow.

Ashley hesitated for the space of half a second before she answered. "I do not think I have heard him speak of her in all the time we have been married."

Mrs. Darrow had exquisite tact; her voice was keyed to just the right note of careless indifference. Yet she was at the moment secretly wondering whether Royl's uncle knew anything of his nephew's former interest in this mysterious young woman.

And the man was revolving in his mind whether Royl could possibly have felt it his duty before his marriage to speak of Genevieve Weir to Ashley Brier.

In all these years the two men had, by mutual consent, avoided everything connected with a subject so full in different ways of harrowing memories to both.

Mrs. Darrow felt it was time to change the subject. She did it with graceful tact.

"Maude Waldo was a brilliant, handsome girl," she said. "I wonder if she finds it nice to have a foreign husband, even if he did bring her a title!"

Alvin Darrow walked up and down his library until long after midnight. The talk with Mrs. Darrow that day had awakened spectres in his soul that would not now be laid to rest. Despite all he owed to Genevieve Weir, his feeling, whenever she rose up in his thoughts, had been one less of gratitude than of shame and the bitterest self-humiliation. That young girl, whose life he had spoiled, was the one person in all the world who knew the dark chapter of his life. It was true that by one act of splendid heroism she had saved him from the penalties of his crime; but he still felt himself, to a degree, in her power. His escape had been so narrow, so almost miraculous, that at times the old terror would return upon him—lest the fates had decreed that the truth should be known, lest some power outside of herself should force Genevieve to speak what she knew. Despite the man's strong, clear intellect, his nerves had never recovered from the terrible strain they had undergone. There were times when he thought of the young girl at Grayledge with a cowardly dread that amounted almost to superstition. No doubt the tidings of her death would have been most welcome to him. They would have swept away a shadow from his life—they would have made the air freer and sweeter about him.

Yet there was nothing Alvin Darrow would not have done to lessen, by ever so little, the burden of his obligations or to brighten the life he had so darkened. He would have given half his fortune to make Genevieve Weir happy—but in this matter the strong man felt himself powerless. It would have been an insult to seek her presence, and every nerve in his being shrank with cowardly horror from the thought of looking on her face.

The two kept between them the long silence of the grave. Alvin Darrow had heard nothing of Genevieve Weir since the day they parted under the pines. He had been absent from America much of the time, and he had thrown himself, heart and soul, into business. On the whole, he had prospered.

But Mrs. Darrow's talk that morning had made a powerful impression on the man. In the still watches of the night he paced his library, and thought of the past and looked out on the future. Royl's conduct, as his wife had described it, when he suddenly came on the portrait in the Louvre, was proof that the man's deepest heart had never forgotten the earlier love. Indeed, with a nature like Royl's, once bound

to a woman like Genevieve Weir, forgetfulness was impossible. That beautiful, graceful wife of his could not take the place in his boy's soul which that other woman had held by right of inborn, eternal fitness and sympathies.

In these silent night-watches, too, pacing up and down the room, Alvin Darrow thought of Genevieve Weir with a pity and remorse, which, for the first time, was not swallowed up in selfish instincts and craven fears. That white, smitten face he had left under the pines rose up to him—that last cry torn from her breaking heart again rung in his ears. How terrible had been her sacrifice—how heroic through all these years her silence! And for his sake and for his wrong-doing she must carry that lovely womanhood to her grave! How awful had been the burden his crime had laid on her youth! It hurt the man in some unselfish way to think of that as it had never hurt him before.

While he paced back and forth in the night-watches the old doctor's words regarding Ashley came up to him. He had never admitted to his inmost soul that he believed they were true; but to-night, for the first time, the question faced him: "What if Royl were free again?"

In the middle of the room he stood still and gasped for breath; a gray pallor gathered on his face; a cold sweat stood on his temples. He saw then what awful duty might yet be awaiting him. If he opened his lips—if he told the truth—if he righted Genevieve Weir; but the bare thought made every nerve shiver. How could he reveal his crime to Royl—how could he confess the base part he had acted toward Genevieve Weir—the price he had paid to save himself. At that thought the old man threw himself into a chair, and groaned out: "O God, spare me! Anything but that—anything but that!"

But Alvin Darrow knew that he was an old man—far past his seventies; he, too, must die one of these days. People might compliment him on his green, old age; but he knew better than another the signs of his waning strength. How could he lay his gray head down to die, knowing that he had spoken no word, made no sign to right the woman he had wronged! How could he meet his God—Alvin Darrow believed in Him—if he found no way to do justice to Genevieve Weir?

Yet the soul of the proud old man writhed within him at the thought of leaving that blackened memory to his boy. It seemed to him that even in his grave he must know if Royl learned the truth!

For a week he paced his library in the night-watches while these questions, and a thousand akin to them, pressed upon his soul and drove slumber from his eyelids. And often it seemed to him that Genevieve Weir's white, still face, stood before him. Her lips never opened, but her great, solemn eyes seemed to read his soul, while they asked: "Will you dare to die, and not do me justice, Alvin Darrow?"

Yet he knew the silent woman off there at Grayledge would never have opened her lips to say that.

The struggle of those awful nights told visibly upon

the man. But under it his heart slowly softened. Far away in the future a vision loomed; at first he put out his hands and waved it away with a look of unutterable anguish, but it came back again and again in these solitary nights, it grew clearer, and at last the nobler side of Alvin Darrow's soul welcomed the vision—yearned after it. If Royl were once to know the truth—if all were made clear between him and Genevieve Weir—if no other stood between them—then—but you must imagine for yourself what sort of vision it was that shone into the solitude of these nights. It was not one to put in words while the wife of Royl Darrow sat by his side; but his uncle felt that if this vision should once become a reality, there was no remote eternity when his soul would not know and be glad.

At last the end came. It was long after midnight. Alvin Darrow stopped suddenly in his walk and turned to his writing-desk. There was a look on his ashen-gray face which nobody had ever seen there before. He wrote a few lines and then carefully sealed them. The hand that wrote was as steady and tense as his face.

The next day Royl was with his uncle in the library. It was partly, perhaps, the influence of habit which made the two gentlemen always come to this room when they were alone in the house together.

Nothing here was changed, unless a picture or two had been added, or some choice antique or bit of exquisite pottery which Alvin Darrow had picked up in his travels.

"Royl," said his uncle, suddenly breaking a little silence that had followed a half-hour's talk, "I have been making a will. There was really no need of it, for you are the last of my kin, and in any case everything must have fallen to you; but I had a notion to leave you all over my own name. I have only remembered a few old friends and dependants with small legacies."

"You don't look, Uncle Al, like a man who need be in any special hurry about making his will; but, of course, you will take your own way about it," answered Royl, looking fondly on his uncle. And yet, after he had spoken, it did strike him that the man was looking older and grayer than he had ever seen him before. The thought hurt the younger man.

"Yes, I must take my own way," replied Alvin Darrow, in an absent kind of voice. Then he roused himself. "There is something more I want to say just here, Royl," he continued. "In case you are left quite alone in the world—you understand me, Royl—quite alone?"

"I think I do, Uncle Alvin," answered the other in a low, startled voice. "You mean," he added, after a pause, "if you and Ashley had left me?"

"That is what I mean, Royl. In that case, I have left a few lines which I wish you to read. They contain a last wish of mine which I solemnly enjoin you to obey at once. When you have done so, you will understand why, during the life of Ashley or

myself, I could not speak of what is there written. I have laid the paper away in a small silver case in the little secret drawer in the back corner of my French cabinet. You remember that I once showed you the drawer? No soul beside ourselves knows of its existence."

"I remember the drawer," answered Royl, a good deal startled and perplexed by his uncle's speech.

"The case, the drawer, the cabinet, are all locked; you alone know where I keep the keys and how to use them. That is all, Royl."

"Your talk has bewildered me, Uncle Alvin," answered young Darrow, a good deal like a man who speaks in a dream. "I cannot bring myself to conceive of the dreadful possibilities to which you allude. What kind of a world would it be without you and Ashley?"

"There is no need of harrowing heart or brain with that question, my dear boy. If the time ever comes to read that paper, it will explain itself. But this is a subject which I do not wish to prolong. The evening is fine. Let us have a drive."

For several days that followed, this singular talk haunted Royl more or less. He did not attempt, however, to solve the mystery. He had a vague notion that his uncle had left him some work to do which would involve more time and pains than his nephew could now easily devote to it.

His wife and his uncle were at this time in apparently perfect health. The whole subject involved painful associations with all that was dearest to him, and, so far as he could, Royl dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

## CHAPTER XVI.

JOSEPH BRIER'S affairs proved, on winding them up at his death, like many another man's, in a less prosperous condition than his friends had imagined.

It was only the old Wall Street story over again: the decline of values, the failure of investments, the speculations that promised fair and proved worse than profitless. The enterprise in which he had embarked with his old friend at the time of Ashley's marriage, was the only one of his ventures which had prospered of late years, and this was, at least, largely owing to Alvin Darrow's shrewd management of the capital. The man had given his time and his really fine business powers to the matter, while Brier, absorbed in other matters and growing less active as his health slowly broke down, had left the new enterprise almost entirely in Alvin Darrow's hands; a trust which, as the end proved, he never had reason to regret.

It was impossible that Ashley should not be more or less acquainted with the condition of her father's affairs. Her husband and her uncle explained the truth to her only where it seemed necessary. So far as it affected her own surroundings or happiness, the matter was really of little importance. Royl's business relations with his uncle insured him a handsome

income, and it had been a matter of pride with both the men that he should be in no wise dependent on his father-in-law. To do Ashley justice, she knew too little of the value of money to care much about its loss; but she was sensitive to all that concerned her father's memory. In a blind, unreasoning sort of fashion, she felt that his diminished fortunes were a reflection upon himself, or upon his care for his daughter, and she was secretly pained and mortified. One day, when something had gone wrong with her—and despite her native brightness she had her moods and tempers—this feeling expressed itself in a way that took Royl completely by surprise. It happened just after breakfast. He was looking over the morning paper, and, as was his custom, reading aloud any paragraph which he thought might interest his wife. His eyes glanced at the failure of an old business-house, whose partners had long been known to him. He read the notice to Ashley and commented on it.

"I am heartily sorry for this failure. It is a very disastrous one. There must have been some bad management at bottom or the house would never have come down with such a crash."

The speech jarred on Ashley. What if somebody—her husband even—thought something like that of her father? Her woman's instinct could not have failed to show her many differences in the characters of the two men. She spoke suddenly now out of a complex emotion.

"At least you are better off than many husbands, Royl, for if poor papa did not leave you as large a fortune as you expected, he did not let me come to you penniless."

At that speech, Royl put down his paper and looked steadily at his wife. She sat opposite him at the breakfast-table. They two were alone together.

"What do you mean, Ashley?" he asked.

The talk with her father a few evenings before her marriage was in Mrs. Darrow's mind.

"I mean," she said, "that money—I think it was a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—which papa gave Uncle Alvin when they two went into business together. Had I not been on the point of becoming your wife, he would not have been so generous. He told me so himself just before our marriage. But I suppose you must have known all that yourself, Royl."

She spoke with a half-laughing defiance; but there was a flush in her cheeks, a flash in her eyes. She was sorry by this time that she had spoken, and frightened, too, as she saw the look in her husband's face.

"I knew," answered Royl, in his clear, resolute tones, "that your father and my uncle embarked in that Western enterprise together, and that your father furnished the larger share of capital. I certainly did not know that your marriage had any influence in the matter. Do you mean to say—to intimate to me, Ashley—that the money could have made any difference with me?"

Royl Darrow had never spoken to his wife in that tone before. The look in his eyes half appalled her,

but she was resolved, at all hazards, to carry her point now. She answered with a little, hard, nervous laugh, which she meant should be gay and careless.

"I do not know what any man will do for money, Royl. I only know what papa told me."

The moment after those words had passed her lips, she would have given anything to recall them.

Royl made no reply. When he was most angered, he was usually silent. Mrs. Darrow knew what that stern look meant. She had seen it on her husband's face before, but not when she had invoked it there.

After he was gone, she had a woman's passionate cry; and when the storm was over, and the bright eyes were dry, she made up her mind to go to a lunch party and recover her spirits. There was no use moping all day because she had said a foolish thing to Royl at breakfast, and was sorry for it.

Royl Darrow was the proudest of men. That talk at the breakfast-table had stung him to the quick. It was the first really unkind remark his wife of seven years had ever made to him. They had never indulged in any of those small tempers and bitter speeches towards each other which rankle so cruelly afterward and spoil the happiness of so many wedded lives.

But there could be no mistaking Ashley's insinuation that morning. The wife of Royl Darrow had implied to him that her money might have been one of his motives for marrying her. The bare suggestion was an insult to the high-spirited man. He was sure, too, that this idea would never have entered Ashley's mind if her father had not been at the bottom of it.

Young Darrow had, of course, known from the beginning about the business relations of the two men. He knew that the enterprise had prospered under his uncle's management; but he certainly had not the faintest notion that his marriage with Joseph Brier's daughter had influenced the man at the time he placed his capital at Alvin Darrow's command. He could not rest until he had sifted that matter to the bottom.

That morning, when he and his uncle happened to be alone in the office together, he opened the subject abruptly.

"Uncle Alvin, when you and Ashley's father first embarked in this Western speculation, he placed a large amount of capital at your command, I believe?"

Alvin Darrow was at that moment sealing some letters for the post. He held the bar of red wax in the blue flame of the taper. His hand did not shake, but every nerve in his body seemed to have received an electric shock.

"You are quite right, Royl. It was a large amount," he answered, and his hand was as steady as his voice; but for all that it did not sound to him like his own.

"Was it not a hundred and fifty thousand dollars? I have a reason for asking."

"It was just that sum, Royl."

"I am sorry to say it, Uncle Alvin, but there is no help for it. I have learned this morning that he

gave Ashley in some way to understand that he should never have risked that amount of capital in the matter, had it not been for our marriage."

At that moment the eyes of the two men met. There was a look in the elder man's which Royl will never forget to his dying day. He was so startled that for half a minute he was silent. Then he went on to say, with a scornful indignation that rung through all his rapid utterance: "Of course the money had no influence with either you or me at that time. To say that is like saying you or I could not be guilty of a base, dishonorable action, Uncle Alvin; but—"

In the heat of his feeling Royl paused there. If he kept on he could not spare his wife.

Alvin Darrow put his hand to his forehead. The motion was that of a terrified, bewildered man. "Has Ashley—has your wife, Royl—" he began, in a doubtful tone.

"Do not ask me that, Uncle Alvin," broke in Royl. "Whatever she may have said in an unguarded mood, I am sure that it was all owing to some talk of her father's, and that she did not, at heart, believe her own words, or what they seemed to imply. Let us come down to simple business facts for a moment."

"Very well, Royl."

"That investment has been highly prosperous, I think."

"Yes. I doubled Brier's money in the end for him. He often expressed himself as unmeasurably pleased with the way I had managed the whole business, and regretted that he had not sought my advice in other affairs."

"Uncle Alvin, you are, I believe, a tolerably rich man, as the world goes?"

"Perhaps so. I have enough, at least, to insure me a comfortable old age; and you, my boy—thank God—a life of freedom from the struggles and worries of business."

"You have always spared me those. I sometimes feel as though my silent partnership amounted simply to drawing a salary I had not earned. Why should I always be spared, Uncle Alvin? Why should you forever insist on my leading a life of luxurious ease? Why should not I plunge into the midst of the fight, and do my part there like a man?"

"Let me have my own way, Royl—let me have my own way! It may not be for very long, now," said Alvin Darrow, slowly and solemnly.

Royl was so moved at the tone and words, that for a little while he forgot what he had made up his mind to say. But, when he did say it, it was this: "Uncle Alvin, I want you to make over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to my wife, Ashley Darrow!"

At that the old man sat silent a moment. Then he said, looking in Royl's eyes: "Do you know what you ask, Royl? That is a large slice out of our fortunes."

"My self-respect is worth more than money," said Royl, and there was a flash in his eyes, and some-

thing grand in his gesture. "My whole heart is in this matter. Do not refuse me, Uncle Alvin!"

And the elder man answered, after a little pause: "I will do what you ask, Royl."

During the fortnight that followed Mr. and Mrs. Darrow never alluded to their memorable talk at the breakfast table. Everything on the surface had gone smoothly as ever. Royl certainly was not less attentive to his wife, because some words of hers rankled like barbed arrows in his memory.

During this fortnight Royl had found himself often pondering his uncle's intense eagerness for his marriage, and the ugly questions would sometimes arise, "Could Ashley Brier's money have had anything to do with the matter? Had her father thought that?"

Royl almost hated himself for these questions. They seemed such a reflection on his generous, high-minded uncle. Sometimes, too, the strange look he had seen in the man's eyes, when they were talking together in the private office, recurred to him. It always gave him a kind of shudder to remember that. He would not say it even to his own soul, but he knew if another man than his uncle had looked at him with those eyes, he should have thought they held some remorse or guilt.

One afternoon Royl went home after a drive with his uncle, and found Mrs. Darrow awaiting him in the drawing-room. There was no one present, but she drew him into a little side alcove, where they could be secure from any sudden interruptions. She stood quite still before him, with one hand on his arm. There was a look in her eyes which he had never seen there before.

"What is it, Ashley?" he asked.

"Uncle Alvin was here this morning, Royl," she replied. "He must have told you?"

"Yes; he has told me."

"Did you think I cared for the money?"

As she asked that her lips quivered.

"It was for my own sake, Ashley, that I wanted you to have this money!"

The tears gleamed in Mrs. Darrow's violet eyes. With a sudden, swift motion, she threw her arms about her husband's neck, and said: "Royl, I was very unjust, very cruel, the other morning. Will you forgive me?"

Royl was one of the most generous of men. His heart was touched at once. He drew the beautiful woman closer. "I forgive you, from my heart, Ashley. My wife could never have thought so basely of me as—as that speech implied."

Ashley lifted her head. "Never, for one instant, Royl," she said. "I knew it was altogether impossible with a man like you—knew that if you had been the king, and I Cophetua in her beggar's gown, it would have been all the same with you; but I was annoyed about poor papa's fortune, and so—I was sorry for it the next instant, Royl."

"We will never speak of it again, my Ashley," answered Royl, and he drew her to his heart with a sudden thrill of just such tenderness as he had never felt towards her before.

A month from that day Alvin Darrow was found by his servants, late in the morning, sitting by his library table. The morning light fell on his still, white face. He seemed to gaze on it and smile, but the peace on his face was the peace of the dead.

After their uncle's death, Mr. and Mrs. Darrow went to reside at his home on Gramercy Park. During the spring that followed, Ashley had a slight, hacking cough. She made light of it; insisted that it was not worth minding. But it did not leave her during the summer, and in the autumn Royl began to feel anxious about his wife's health. The physicians recommended a milder climate. There was no immediate danger, they thought, only our northern winters might prove severe on Mrs. Darrow. For a time Florida and southern France hung in the balance; but at last the scale inclined to the latter, and late in November Mr. and Mrs. Darrow sailed.

They did not return, as they intended, the following summer. Despite the kindly climate and the most devoted care, Mrs. Darrow's health began to decline visibly.

Nearly two years from the time when the Darrows left America for the last time, Maude Waldo, who had married in a way that gratified the family ambition, took a notion to write to her cousin, Genevieve Weir.

Maude's letters were bright and gossipy; so perfectly like herself that one who had known her would seem, while reading, to hear the very words sliding along the light, gay voice.

Maude's letter was full of all kinds of news: how Jack was off on a trip to the Nile and the Pyramids; how they all had the loveliest summer among the Swiss mountains and lakes. But there was one paragraph which, as she read, banished all the rest from Genevieve Weir's thoughts as absolutely as though the few lines were the whole of the long letter.

"At Interlachen, about a month ago, we came, almost unexpectedly, upon an old acquaintance. It was Royl Darrow! I am sure you met him, Genevieve dear, that winter you were at our house. We were all greatly surprised and shocked to learn of his wife's death hardly three months before! He married Ashley Brier, a great beauty, a belle and heiress. I think you must have heard of her. She belonged to our set. Royl was always a splendid fellow. He was looking only a little older and handsomer than ever."

Down on the rocks by the sea Genevieve Weir read this letter one September afternoon. How the careless lines shook the soul of the reader! "Royl Darrow was free again," was the thought that rose first in heart and brain, and with that she bowed her shaken face on her hands. "If he knew—if he knew—" a voice cried and clamored in her soul, but she would not listen to it. "He never *could* know," she answered; and though she did not utter a word, it seemed that her own voice rung in her ears solemn and awful as the voice of the Pythoness might have

rung from the tripod: "The dead stood between them now as the living had done before. She could not drag out of the grave to which he had carried it, the secret of the old man, and hold up his memory dishonored, blasted, to the nephew to whom he had left it sacred and unsoiled."

Genevieve had not learned of Alvin Darrow's death until nearly a year after it occurred. She first heard the tidings by a mere chance in New York, where she had gone on a brief visit.

As she sat by the sea that afternoon, the voices of the tide, as it crept softly up the sands and washed the dark feet of the rocks, seemed to fall with an infinite sadness upon her ear—into her soul.

"One of these days Royl Darrow would probably marry again," she said to herself after awhile, and with that thought the old live pain of her girlhood shot again to her heart. Her life stretched once more to her vision, lonely and desolate up the years as it had stretched long ago, when she paced her chamber in the still night-watches and slowly came to her resolve.

But at last she rose up and turned her fair, still face to the sea. The golden light of the late afternoon fell upon her. She looked like one transfigured. It seemed as though the very waves might pause to listen to the low vibration of the sweet, unfaltering voice: "I will take up my life bravely again; I will try to live it nobly; it is the will of God!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

NEARLY a year had passed since Genevieve Weir read her letter down by the sea in the waning of the golden September afternoon.

Once again Royl Darrow sat at evening in the library, where he and his uncle had for so many years sat together. He had been home only a few days, for business affairs and a tour in the East had kept him abroad more than a year after his wife's death. He had returned now, resolved to spend his life and energies in his native land.

The house on Gramercy Park had been left to faithful care, and its present owner had returned to find nothing changed. The heart of the strong man was as the heart of a boy, as he sat there in the silence and gazed about him. To this room belonged many of the happiest memories, the tenderest associations of Royl Darrow's life. His thoughts went back to the first time he had ever crossed the threshold, a lonely, friendless, orphan boy, fresh from the long, hard sea-voyage which had brought him from South America—where his father and mother had both died suddenly—to the only relative he had on earth. He remembered, as though it all happened yesterday, his feeling as he first entered that room—the childish curiosity and eagerness with which he gazed up into the face of the relative whom he had never seen, but of whom he had been hearing all his life. He remembered the outstretched arms, the welcoming smile, the tender words that had set him at ease at once.

The world would have regarded Royl Darrow as an especial favorite of fortune as he sat that summer night in the library and gazed about him on the old, familiar things. Alvin Darrow's easy-chair still stood by the study-table on which some of his favorite authors still lay. As of old, the noises of the great city outside came in with a dull, muffled roar. As of old, all rare, dreamy odors floated in through the open doors of the conservatory.

The wife of Royl Darrow's youth, all of his kin, slept in their graves. Ashley had drooped in a slow, painless way that was hardly perceptible to those who watched her daily. Royl's tenderness and devotion to the fading woman left her nothing to desire. In his secret soul he felt some upbraidings that he had not given himself to her more completely. It was this feeling at bottom which made him say to her one day, not very long before the end: "God knows I meant to make you a happy wife, Ashley. Have I succeeded?"

She lifted her head from her pillow and gazed at him with the great eyes that had grown so marvelously bright while her cheeks wasted. She laid her thin hands on his.

"I think no wife ever had so good a husband, Royl," she said, solemnly. "If I should have to leave you, remember always I thought that."

Yet, though she sometimes hinted about death, her talk was mostly of life, and of their future together; and Royl cherished a hope, almost to the last day, that her youth and strength would yet surmount her illness.

But the end of the happy life came in a death so calm and peaceful that it seemed only like the voice of love calling its own into new and larger life. So Ashley herself said at the last; and so serenely she bowed her beautiful head to the law of heredity and followed her mother.

Royl had mourned tenderly for Ashley—he had missed her deeply from his heart and life. If she had failed his imagination or his ideal, he put that thought away from him now; he would sooner have accused himself than his dead.

As he sat there in the stillness, and his thoughts went over the past, the conscience of the man seemed to rise up and rebuke him. There were no spectres of remorse, no unclean memories, to haunt that lonely hour; the youth and manhood of Royl Darrow had never fallen into the mire; but he had not—so he told himself—taken his place among the world's true workers and helpers; he had fallen into his lot of luxurious ease as though it were his right; he had been contented to feed his soul with culture and aesthetic enjoyments, with art and wealth, with all the higher forms of epicureanism.

Royl Darrow hardly did himself justice here. A man of his sensitive conscience would be likely to deal more sternly with himself than with another. He could not choose, but the strength and tenderness of his nature should lavish itself on others. In the course of his life he had succored many weak and rescued many fallen and despairing. His wide sym-

pathies, his large generosity, had poured themselves into many human lives. But in his stern reckoning to-night, the company of men and women who were better and happier because of him seemed pitifully small to Royl Darrow.

He had found himself on his uncle's death a richer man than he anticipated. All Alvin Darrow's affairs had prospered in his last years. Then Ashley's fortune had reverted to her husband. That night the man was glad of his wealth, less for his own sake than for others. New purposes and new aims stirred in his soul as he sat there in the fragrant stillness. He would throw himself, heart and brain and masterful energies, into some work of help and uplifting for his kind. He would "make a little difference for the better" in the world where God had placed him. "It was not yet too late," he told himself. "At thirty-five—however it might seem to him sometimes—the world still counted him for a young man."

In all these years, Royl Darrow must have thought of Genevieve Weir—seldom, however, when he could help it. The passion of his youth, with its miserable, mysterious ending, would sometimes, like a restless ghost,

"Revisit the glimpses of the moon."

But from the night on which they parted, Royl had never spoken Miss Weir's name to a living soul save his uncle. Her fate was an entire mystery to him until he met with Jack Waldo in the Louvre. The portrait there, with its strange, haunting resemblance to Genevieve, moved him more deeply than he desired. Jack's tidings at the same time struck him almost dumb with amazement. He had taken it for granted that Genevieve had long ago wedded the man who had obtained such an all-commanding influence over her. Before this, no opportunity had come in his way of learning anything regarding her, and he would not seek one, partly because of his high sense of loyalty towards Ashley, partly, perhaps, because he shrank from putting his own feelings to the test.

Since his wife's death, no thought of a second marriage had entered Royl's mind. There were a few women with whom he held relations of intimate friendship, but none of these stirred a thrill in the heart whose possibilities of passionate tenderness he had proved too well. In all his out-looks this night, in all his noble enthusiasms for his kind, he did not think of a woman's sympathies and co-operation, dear and blessed as these would have been to him. Despite his still young manhood, his perfect health, his large fortune, his fine culture—all the best gifts of the gods—it was a sad and lonely man who sat with his memories in the dead man's library.

In that solemn, softened mood, the old days seemed like open doors, where happy memories of boyhood and youth flocked joyfully in and out. How the old scenes and events came up to him! How alive the dead seemed as his nephew sat there in the place he had loved best!

Suddenly Royl Darrow gave a start. Something he had not thought of for months had come back in

a flash. It was only the command of his uncle, the paper laid away in the silver box, in the secret drawer. These three years it had been awaiting him where no hand could touch it, no eye see it, no soul dream of its existence. The conditions of which Alvin Darrow had spoken, and which seemed so remote while he talked, were all fulfilled now. Royl was quite alone in the world. It was time to read that paper!

The French cabinet had not been unlocked since the owner's death. Royl only knew where the key was kept. He rose and went to a small table of some dark, rare woods, which stood in one corner of the room. He pressed the top heavily with his hand, and at one corner a little panel slid back, revealing a small, shallow opening in the last place where one would have suspected it. In this lay a number of oddly-shaped keys. Royl fingered these a moment, and then selected the smallest. He went with this to the small French cabinet. That, too, stood in another corner, a bit of costly carved work, which his uncle had found years ago in a salesroom among the relics of some old French chateau.

The carved doors flew open like magic at the touch of Royl's key. There were various little compartments inside. Thoroughly as Royl had been instructed in all the mysteries of the old French cabinet, it took him some time to find the little secret drawer, so oddly constructed at the back. But at last he succeeded. There was nothing inside but the little oblong silver box he remembered seeing years ago in his uncle's hands. Royl took it at once to the light. He touched the spring. It flew back, and he saw a folded paper on the faded velvet lining. He removed the paper, and was about to open it, when he paused. A strange, electric thrill had shot through him. For a moment his heart and pulses seemed to stop beating, as though the paper had communicated some shock to his whole being. Could it have been a prescience of what was coming? Royl did not ask himself that at the moment, but he did many times afterwards. He had not been consciously excited, only impressed and solemnized at the thought of reading these last words of the dead. He still supposed the paper contained some wish of his uncle's which he thought Royl could best carry out, when he was quite alone in the world.

In a moment the man had controlled himself. He opened the paper, he saw the few lines in the well-known handwriting inside. This was what he read:

*"I charge you, Royl Darrow, if you ever loved me, not to delay, but to go at once to Grayledge, to see Genevieve Weir, face to face, to say to her that from my grave I bade her speak; I commanded her to hold nothing back for my sake, but to tell the whole truth, as she, and I, and God know it. Show her these lines, that she may have no turking doubt, and when she has spoken, you will both know why I can say here only, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"*

ALVIN DARROW."

Royl Darrow read these lines over three times.

When he lifted his face it was like the face of a dead man. When he moved away from the table, and attempted to walk up and down the room, he almost staggered like one who, in the midst of health and strength, has had a sudden stroke. Yet the faith of a lifetime could not be shaken. In all the wild rush and tumult of his thoughts within him, it never once struck him—as it would another—that those lines pointed to some self-condemnation or remorse on the part of the writer.

"Could the dark problem of his youth be solved at last?" he asked himself. Genevieve Weir had, it appeared, laid bare the whole truth to his uncle—a truth which the old man felt that Royl should know at last. Was it for Genevieve's sake—was it for Royl's that the old man had left this mysterious command? In vain Royl asked his soul the question. There was no ray of light in the thick darkness where his thoughts groped. But his duty was plain before him. He was to take this paper, to go, armed with it, to Grayledge, to look once more in Genevieve Weir's face, and in the name of the dead, demand the truth! The strong man's nerves shivered at the thought. The memory of their last meeting—the horror of that half-hour when he paced the little depot while dreadful doubts, to which he would give no name, raged within him, came up to Royl Darrow. But his uncle's charge left him no choice.

In the middle of the room he paused suddenly; he lifted his fine head resolutely. "To-morrow," said Royl Darrow, "I will go to Grayledge; I will see Genevieve Weir!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was a happy morning under the cottage roof at Grayledge. Robert Weir had come home for a fortnight's visit. It was the first time his family had seen him for six months, as he was now practicing law in New York, and struggling upward in his profession.

His arrival had made the household hilarious. Even Aunt Rachel looked ten years younger, as she gazed on her big, broad-shouldered boy, with his tawny mane and beard that became his fine, spirited face. Whenever the strong-limbed young fellow laughed, or spoke, or moved with his old, restless habit about the room, you saw, in a moment, that it was the boy with his keen wit and his warm heart who had come back to them; the boy whose ambition it was now, as it had always been, to lift the family burdens from the slight woman's hands, and bear them on his strong, young shoulders.

Young Weir brought good news with him. Two panel-pictures, companion pieces, which Genevieve had painted the winter before, had been much admired on exhibition, and had brought a handsome price. Genevieve had painted these pictures in her happiest, most creative mood. Every touch on the canvas had been made with loving care. One was a picture of an old pine-wood—the sunshine quivering on the gray moss, and the gnarled boles of mighty trees;

and the other was a lovely little tarn in the heart of dreamy old mountains. These occasional picture-sales were showers of good fortune to the household.

Young Weir's arrival made a holiday for the family. They were all assembled in Mrs. Fairfax's room that morning: the pleasant front chamber which had always been a kind of family room and, with its old-fashioned furniture, had a homely charm and associations that belonged to no other. Robert's sisters had made their toilets that morning in honor of his arrival. Genevieve wore a new white dress finished with dainty embroideries and soft meshes of golden color at her throat. If you had seen her in that simple garb you would have thought no garments, though they were gorgeous as a queen's coronation-robos, could become her so well.

Grace wore a white dress also, prettily adorned with the sky-blue ribbons which best suited the gold of her hair, the azure of her eyes, the snow of her complexion. She had brought something of the pretty child's expression into womanhood, and at twenty, one would not have guessed her more than sixteen.

There was so much to hear and to tell, now Rob was among them once more after his six months' absence! How their tongues went and their happy laughter flashed out! And Aunt Esther listened with her pleased face to the talk, and came and went on household affairs.

"I tell you, girls," exclaimed Robert Weir, stretching his shapely limbs on the chintz-covered lounge, where, long ago, he had fought through whooping-cough and the measles, "it's a glorious thing for a fellow who is worn out with the heat and noise and fight of that big Babylon off yonder, to have a little gray nest in all the summer-green to fly to and stretch his limbs and turn somersaults and make believe he is a boy again! I have come back a repentant prodigal. You may make witty rhymes on my red hair or my redoubtable nose, and I shall no more resent it. The utmost I ask is permission to bestow myself in a soft corner and be cosseted with Aunt Esther's dainties. Genevieve, how becoming that gold is at your throat—

"More subtle web Arachne never spun!"

"It must be your coming, Rob, which makes her look so astonishingly well this morning," said Grace. Then a sudden inspiration struck her, and she went out on the balcony and plucked a great cluster of scarlet blossoms from a flowering geranium. A moment later she had fastened the burning blossoms with two or three dark-green leaves in her sister's hair. The effect was very lovely. Grace moved a little on one side to admire her work. "It is the last touch, dear old Genevieve," she said. "You ought to thank me for it."

Then Rob spoke up: "I must be a lucky fellow to have two such good-looking sisters to welcome me home! What have you been doing, girls, to grow so handsome while I have been gone?" It did not strike young Weir that the change was less in his

sisters than in his own vision, not blunted now by daily familiarity.

Genevieve laughed gayly. "That is the very first compliment you ever paid your sisters on their looks, Rob Weir," she said. "I have had a singular feeling for the last day or two that something strange and good was about to happen. It must have been a haunting prescience of your flattery, Rob!"

At that moment some new fancy struck Grace, and she slipped out of the room and down the stairs. The brother and sister continued their half-grave, half-gay talk. Rob admired Genevieve immensely. He thought his elder sister the most splendid woman in the world. While they were talking, Aunt Esther came in; she could not keep away from her boy; he rose up, seated her gallantly on the chintz-covered lounge, threw himself on a stool at her feet and laid his head in her lap. "This is delicious," he said. "It is the dear old times come back, aunty!"

Before Mrs. Fairfax could reply, Grace returned. She came in this time in a breezy sort of way. Her blue eyes sparkled and the peach-bloom deepened in her cheeks. "Genevieve," she said, breathlessly, "there is a gentleman down-stairs wishes to see you."

"Hang the fellow," growled Rob. "I wish he were at the antipodes!"

Genevieve's countenance fell. "He could not be more *de trop*," she said. "There is not a man in the world, the present one excepted, whom I wish to see to-day!"

"Oh, but, Genevieve," sparkled up Grace, "perhaps you won't think that when you come to see him. He is a most splendid-looking man. There is something indescribable about him—grand and gracious. He is a young man—not over thirty, I should imagine. Such a fine head as he has; such a brown, flowing beard, and such perfect manners! He just made me think of some noble portraits I have seen of great men—princes and heroes. Where could he have come from?"

"Rather should I ask," said Rob in a tone of suspicious solemnity, "where did you find him when he so suddenly and completely took your foolish little heart captive, Grace? All this comes of my being away so long!" and he shook his chestnut mane gravely.

"I found him at the front door," answered Grace, with her silvery laugh. "He stared at me a moment as though he were seeking for something in my face. Then he lifted his hat and asked if Miss Genevieve Weir was at home. He did not give me his card, and I did not think to ask his name."

"Probably not, in your present dazed condition," answered Rob. "Must you really go, Genevieve?" for she had risen with a reluctant air.

"There seems to be no help for it, Rob. I never was less hospitably inclined. I presume this marvellous creature of Grace's fancy will prove to be some mild type of bore I have met away from home, and who thinks my society preferable to a dull morning at the hotel."

"Or some anxious *pater-familias* who is seeking sea-side board for his wife and babies and the nurses," said Rob. "We can't spare a moment of you to-day, Genevieve. Go down and get rid of this paragon of Grace's as soon as you can civilly."

"But she never can do that while you keep her with this nonsense," added Mrs. Fairfax, and she playfully drew down again into her lap the big man's head, as though it had been the little boy's that used to lie there.

So, without another word, Genevieve turned and went down-stairs with the golden color at her throat, and the glow in her cheeks and the scarlet geraniums in her hair.

As she reached the parlor threshold she saw a gentleman standing at the window and looking off to the sea. He evidently had not taken a seat. When he turned, Genevieve suddenly started, then stood quite still a moment like one transfixed. The color fled from cheek and lip, and left them pale as marble. "Royl Darrow!" the name broke from her lips in a half-suppressed cry.

The man, too, stood still a moment in the centre of the room. He, too, seemed stricken with a kind of blind amazement at the sight of the beautiful white-robed vision which stood in the doorway.

It was now ten years since Royl Darrow had seen Genevieve Weir, yet she hardly looked five years older. Though he knew her at the first glance, he saw she was a good deal changed. But it was only as the half-opened blossom changes into the perfect flower. Every year had touched her with some added grace, with some finer charm. The girl of Royl Darrow's young love stood before him in the ripe loveliness of her womanhood and did not shame his choice.

"Genevieve Weir!" He, too, spoke the name in a low, half-involuntary exclamation, and then, like a man half in a dream, too, he came forward, and said: "You must be very much surprised to see me, Miss Weir, but I think you will pardon me for coming when you know what has brought me."

He gave her his hand. How the old, familiar tones thrilled along her pulses and woke her from her trance! She, too, put out her hand. It was the hand that had once been plighted to him—the hand which alone of all women had once worn his dead mother's betrothal-ring.

"I shall be glad to hear what has brought you to Grayledge, Mr. Darrow," said Genevieve, and her voice had the old sweetness in his ears. "Will you sit down?" she asked, for he had now released her hand, and they had advanced into the middle of the room.

He took a chair, and she sat down a little way from him. How noble and grand he looked in her eyes, this lover of her youth! It was a small thing that women like Maude Waldo should say of him that he was handsomer than ever; but it filled Genevieve's soul with infinite joy and exultation that she discerned in his tones, in his whole bearing, the statue of strong, noble manhood to which her young love had grown.

He was in too deadly earnest not to go at once to his errand.

"Do you know, Miss Weir, that my wife and my uncle have both left me?" he asked.

"Yes, I heard that."

He went on in a few rapid sentences; he could afford to waste no words: "A year before my uncle died, he left a paper for me in a concealed drawer, of which no one knew but ourselves. I was bound by a solemn promise not to read this paper while either the writer or Mrs. Darrow was living. Last night I found the paper in the box in the hidden drawer, where it had been awaiting me for years. I have brought it with me. It concerns you also, Miss Weir."

As he said this, he drew from his pocket a large Russia leather case. When he opened it, a paper lay inside. He had watched Genevieve narrowly while he spoke; he saw the sudden quiver that passed through every nerve—the cheeks that blanched again—then the look of white, frozen resolve that succeeded. It reminded him of the look he had carried away when he turned and left her that night standing on the piazza in the moonlight of ten years ago.

But this time Royl Darrow had a will that matched the woman's before him. He had come to Grayledge with an invincible resolve never to leave it until he knew the truth. In the name of the dead, the living should compel Genevieve Weir to speak. He placed the paper in her hands.

"Will you read that?" he asked. "What did my uncle mean, Genevieve Weir—what did he mean?" His voice was low, but there was a masterful ring in it which you might have heard amid the raging of seas, the roaring of tempests.

Genevieve bent over the paper; her strained eyes drank in the few lines in as many seconds. It took her a moment longer to perceive the full drift of the words. But the effect on her was the last Royl Darrow had looked for. She lifted her head, and a cry forced itself out of her white lips. It was such a cry as the man never had heard before. He could not describe it. It was half of triumph and half of agony. It was like that of some heavily-burdened, long-imprisoned creature who suddenly finds the shackles struck from his limbs, and the darkness around him swept away by the in-rushing light. But the shock of joy had been too sudden for the woman's nerves. For one moment everything grew dark before her. For the first time in her life a dead faintness stole over her.

Royl Darrow saw the pallid face. He sprang to her side. He bent over her. "Oh, what is the matter?" he cried, in a voice hoarse with alarm.

The sound recalled Genevieve. She gave a little, quick gasp or two, and waved him back; she rose, still clutching the open paper with both hands, as a doomed man might gripe the pardon which gave him back to life and liberty. At that moment she forgot the man standing in dumb bewilderment before her—forgot everything in the world but those few lines signed by Alvin Darrow's dead hand.

"He says I may speak at last!" she cried out, in passionate exultation, in a kind of awful joy. "I may tell the truth! I may justify myself. I thought this hour would only come for me in another world!"

One who heard her speak at that moment would have had some sense of the awful weight which Genevieve's soul had carried in silence all these years.

As Royl listened and gazed on her, all his long doubts and fears shook and broke away like clouds before the conquering sunrise. Whoever had sinned, whoever been wronged, the woman before him was guiltless! But the strong man grew weak under that thought.

"What does all this mean, Genevieve Weir—what does it mean?" he asked again, like one who cries in a nightmare.

The question brought her back in a moment to the present. The room where they stood was no place for the talk that was to come—that must be between themselves alone. The cottage-parlor was liable to momentary invasions from the household or visitors.

In that hour Genevieve's thoughts went in flashes. On the instant she had decided. There was one place where they would be secure from all intrusions. It was in the old pine-wood, where the winds only whispered their secrets among the sighing branches. She turned to Royl Darrow now and said, very calmly: "If you will come with me, I will answer your question where alone it will be safe to do it."

He would have set out with her that very moment to the ends of the earth to learn what she had to say to him.

They went out of the house together. It was a rather sultry summer forenoon. Heaps of gray, fleecy clouds lay about the sky, and softly veiled the glare and heat of the sun. It was a short walk from the cottage to the pines. They entered the still, dreamy, odorous wood without speaking a word to each other. They remembered that long afterwards, though at the time neither was conscious of the silence. Genevieve led the way, by a sort of blind instinct, to the kingly old pine, which still waved its green plumes victoriously in the heart of the dim old wood. The rustic seat where she had sat with Alvin Darrow still stood at the foot of the tree. Robert Weir had always taken some pride in this specimen of his boyish handicraft, and he had taken care to keep the bench in perfect repair. Here Genevieve paused. The memory of that May morning, ten years ago, when she stood here with Alvin Darrow, rushed upon her as tides rush upon the shore. She turned to Royl—she hardly seemed to herself to speak; the words tore themselves out of her heart. She could not hold them back: "It was here that I sat when the storm burst upon me—it was here that the bolt fell and crushed out my hope, my joy, my life in an hour."

And again Royl Darrow asked, like a man that cries and struggles in a nightmare: "What is it that you mean, Genevieve Weir?"

As she heard his voice, the real meaning of what she was to tell this man came upon her. She was to soil the memory of the dead—she was to strike at the

faith and love of Royl Darrow's life—she was to hold up to him the sin and the crime of his uncle!

As she thought of that, the tender woman's heart within her melted for pity.

"I shall have to hurt you terribly, Royl Darrow," she said, softly and solemnly. "I must accuse one whom you have loved and honored above all others! Tell me, even now shall I speak?"

When she asked him that he caught her hands suddenly; he held them as in a vice; he wondered afterwards whether any suspicion of her meaning had penetrated to his soul.

"Speak, Genevieve Weir," he cried, and his voice was like a trumpet. "Whom do you mean?"

She bowed her head over his clasped hands; she would not look in his face at that cruel moment.

"I MEAN YOUR UNCLE, ALVIN DARROW!" she said.

At that he released her hands; he stood like a man suddenly turned to stone. A low moan of exceeding horror broke from his lips. When Genevieve heard that she turned towards him with a woman's swift instinct of help and pity. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Let us sit down here, Royl," she said softly, tenderly, and she did not know that she had called him by the old lover's name.

He moved in a kind of groping way, a good deal like a blind man. They sat down together on Robert Weir's old rustic bench, just as Genevieve had sat with Alvin Darrow; there was a faint, murmurous stir of winds in the pine-boughs overhead, a minute's silence between the man and woman, and then Royl turned and laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"Speak, Genevieve!" he said.

"It was here, sitting by your uncle's side, as I sit by yours now," she said, "that he told be the story no other ears had ever heard—it was here that he knelt to me and prayed me to save him—" she paused there—the dreadful scene had all come back to her—once more she heard Alvin Darrow's voice—once more she saw the proud old man at her feet, and the tears poured down his handsome old face.

"To save him from what?" asked Royl, sternly and hoarsely.

"From shame and dishonor, and you from the knowledge of—" the word clung in her throat.

"From what?" demanded Royl Darrow, and his sharp, agonized tones rung through the still wood.

"HIS CRIME!" answered Genevieve, and her voice was almost a whisper.

"O my God! O my God!" cried out Royl Darrow.

Just so a man might cry going down in the deep waves when he saw the plank on which all his hopes of life clung drifting away from him.

A woman's soft hand was on his arm—a woman's face, full of the tenderest pity, the loftiest joy, the noblest victory, leaned close to his.

"Royl Darrow," said the clear, triumphant voice, "I have never from that hour to this repented what I did. I saved him from the dishonor he dreaded

more than death; I saved you from sharing his agony and shame; it was in your name he pleaded; it was for your sake I did it!"

When he heard that, the stunned man suddenly rose, like one who pants for breath, and dragged himself a few rods away from her. He stood still a few moments, drawing deep, sobbing breaths. Even this woman must not see the agony in his face!

In a little while—it might have been minutes—it seemed hours to them both—he had mastered himself. At last he turned and came back to Genevieve; he sat down by her side again; he laid his hand on her shoulder. "Tell me," he said.

An hour later he knew all! While she was talking, Genevieve had turned away her head. It seemed to her that Royl Darrow and she were no more in this world—that in the wide spaces and the eternal calms of another life she was telling him her story in the very way she had so often dreamed of doing.

She would hold nothing back now. She began with her first meeting with Alvin Darrow that spring morning on her way to the beach. She left nothing untold—the talk on the rocks—the return to the pines. Every word which had been spoken there had burned itself into her memory. She related the dreadful struggle of the night that followed, and that last brief, decisive interview the next morning. She told, too, what had happened after Royl's visit to Grayledge—the broken heart, the brain gone mad—the wild flight to the sea—the narrow escape from drowning—the sickness almost to death!

Royl Darrow had not stirred while she spoke; he had listened with devouring eagerness to every syllable. Awful as the first shock had been, his new knowledge flashed a sudden light on a thousand events in the life of his uncle. It accounted for words and acts which had struck Royl as odd and inconsistent at the time. His own utter obliviousness to the real state of things seemed at one moment like fatuity; the next he could not wonder that no suspicion of the truth had ever dawned on him. How could he have dreamed that the man he had loved and honored above all men had wrecked himself—had blackened his soul with crime!

But this must be said for Royl Darrow: when at last he knew the truth he did not attempt to gloat over his uncle's guilt—even to himself. His love did not make him resort to disguises and sophistries. He could not lower the tone of his own soul, to extenuate Alvin Darrow's sin. The man's clear intellect, his wide social and business influence, all the elevated tastes and associations of his life only made, in his nephew's judgment, the fall deeper, the guilt heavier. His heart was torn with a great horror and a mighty pity. The prayer with which his uncle had closed that secret paper had a new meaning to Royl now. It seemed to echo in all the summer-air about him. It seemed to tell him that though Alvin Darrow's sin had never found him out, he had died a repentant man.

But if a shallow, commonplace nature must have

been deeply moved by the knowledge that another had suffered and sacrificed for its sake all that Genevieve Weir had done for Royl Darrow, what must have been the feelings of this man's large and generous soul when at last he learned the truth! When he thought of her fair young girlhood, of her sweet and noble womanhood, of her beautiful, fragrant life sacrificed for him, his heart was wrung with unutterable pain. Yet how unworthy he seemed to himself of all this sublime endurance and silence! He owed the fair, slight woman who sat by his side everything. She had saved his dead uncle's honor, she had spared his own young manhood from shame and agony. Never man owed to woman what he owed to Genevieve Weir! He gazed on her with wonder and awe, almost with worship, as though some being of heavenly mould had descended to his side.

When at last her story was done, Genevieve turned and faced her companion. How fair and solemn she looked—how the beautiful eyes shone bright on him through the flickering pine-shadows! "In all these years," she said, "my bitterest thought has been the base woman I must seem in your eyes, Royl Darrow! I had given up all hope that my lips could be unsealed in this world. I tried to be content with the thought that when we stood soul to soul in the calm of Heaven, and I told you the truth, you would justify me, and I should listen to hear you say I had done THE RIGHT!"

There was a little silence. In it Royl Darrow continued to gaze at Genevieve with eyes that spoke where speech had failed. At last he rose; he knelt down at her feet; he bowed his proud head reverently before her. "When a man owes to a woman what I owe to you, Genevieve Weir," he said, "he can only acknowledge his debt like this—like this! You ask me to justify you, to say you did THE RIGHT! Is that the best I can say for the dead who owes you his unsoiled name, his honored grave—that the best to the woman who spared my young manhood from a knowledge and a shame that would have been worse than a thousand deaths—that the best, when I owe to your silence, your courage, your transcendent generosity all that I have and am to-day, Genevieve Weir!"

His posture—his words—the very depth of his gratitude hurt her. "O Royl Darrow," she cried out in her tremulous woman's voice, "I have not told you my story to have you thank me—to hear you praise me!"

"Praise you!" he repeated. "Praise you! Did I seem to dare to do that? Where shall I find the words that will utter the height and depth of my gratitude, Genevieve Weir!"

"If you found the words I should not want to hear them," she answered. "That is no place for you, Royl Darrow."

But he did not rise; he kept gazing on her like one in a trance. But she felt rather than saw the passion of tenderness that rose and shone and finally mastered the grief and the worship in his eyes. Yet she was hardly more prepared for what followed

than she had been that night, long ago, in the Park.

"Ten years ago," said Royl Darrow, "I did not want words to woo the woman of my heart's love and choosing. Is it strange that to-day, knowing what I do, my speech falters and fails me! Yet I want you, Genevieve, as my youth never wanted you; my heart and soul and manhood call for you! Can ever woman be loved as henceforth I must love you! Tenderness—devotion—loving care—these are the promises men make to the women they would win. How poor and shallow such words seem in the presence of your nobleness—much as though a mortal spoke them to an angel! O woman, bend from your heights to my unworthiness! Come to me, Genevieve!"

The tears dimmed the radiance of her eyes. The blushes wavered and deepened in her cheeks, as they did in the girl's, listening to the same voice long ago. She leaned forward. "I never went away from you, Royl," she said, in her sweet, tremulous voice. "When I seemed to go farthest then I held closest!"

Royl rose to his feet; he put out his arms; he drew the woman to his heart; he bent down his noble head and their lips met in the kiss which sealed with its passion of tenderness the new betrothal—better than the old—between this man and woman!

The hours of that summer day slipped past unobserved by the two in that old pine wood. Here, where the great darkness had fallen into Genevieve's life, she found the new sunrise—the crowning, unutterable joy. Soft winds awoke, and crooned and dropped into dreams again among the branches. Sometimes a sweet-throated bird—robin or thrush—made all the stillness glad with its sudden burst of song. The old wood seemed to the two sitting there lovely as the forest of Arden, wonderful as some enchanted grove of Spenser's into which they two had wandered, leaving the world far behind them.

There were times when speech—the tenderest and sweetest—failed them; and in long pauses they sat still and gazed at each other, and thanked God in the silence and the joy of their souls.

Sometimes their talk wandered far back into the past—far out into the future. They spoke with hushed voices of the dead man; neither uttered a word which, had he stood at their side, would have given him a pang. Royl knew what it must have cost Alvin Darrow to write that paper—to make this late reparation, and brand his memory in the eyes of the one being whom he really loved. After the first shock at his crime was over, pity for the man—for the straits which had goaded him into his sin—filled Royl's soul. It was only when he thought of Genevieve; of the price he had asked of her heart and youth; of the baseness with which, in order to compass his ends, he had blackened the innocent girl in Royl's eyes, that he found it hard to forgive his uncle.

In days to come, when he could look over the dark account more calmly than now—when the old love of his boyhood had come back to prove itself a part of his life, Royl Darrow would say to himself: "The man so high-minded, so generous, so thoughtful for others! He never could have brought himself to do that wrong had he not been driven to madness. It was of sparing *me* he was thinking through all that dreadful time! My poor, poor uncle!"

But now Royl looked at Genevieve with tender, remorseful eyes. "What a long, awful injustice I have done you! I can never get over the stab of that thought," he said.

"Then I shall never be quite content, even with you, Royl. If I have had my awful loneliness, my dreadful struggles, my cruel heartaches, God has always helped me through the worst. No, I have not been an unhappy woman. I could live and—for the most part—be glad without you, Royl Darrow!" and as she said that, a sudden archness flashed in her eyes which reminded him of the old, girlish playfulness he had admired so immensely.

"I perceive you could," he said, laughing gayly as a boy. "It will be a wholly new rôle for you to try whether you can be happy with me. You must make the experiment as soon as possible. Ah, Genevieve, to think the dream of my life is to come true at last, and that I shall see you the mistress of the dear old home on Gramercy Park!"

"How strange it seems to hear you say that, Royl! You used to write about it in your letters. To think we are to be together—you and I—in this world and for all our lives! Do you remember that last day in New York, and the promise I made you when we parted?"

"Do I remember, dear love?"

"I kept my word, Royl—not in the way I meant—but I kept my word!" The tears were in her eyes, but her low voice throbbled with joyful triumph.

"As never woman kept her word to man before!" he said, solemnly.

So the talk went—gay enough at times—when both their souls found relief from the mighty strain of joy, in light speech and laughter—grave enough at others. How he watched the graceful, wavering movements—the unconscious tricks of tone and manner which he remembered, and which made a part of the charm of Genevieve Weir; and she, in her turn, thought the humorous sweetness, the something grand and lovable in this man above all other men, had only deepened with the years! The years! It began to seem to them that they had only been apart a little while.

They did not forget the dead wife in the hour of their living joy. They talked of Ashley tenderly now, as they often would in the future. In the large, generous nature of this woman there could only be kindly and sacred thoughts for the young, beautiful wife whose place she would take—whose name she would bear.

"I tried to hope Royl—I did in my best moods—that you would love her so well—that she would make

your life so happy, that you would forget what you once dreamed I might be to you!"

Genevieve said the words slowly, reverently. She could not forget what struggles she had gone through before she could say that to her own soul.

At last Royl told Genevieve of the lonely night in his uncle's library—the night when he had found the paper which had so changed the lives of both.

She entered, with her large, quick sympathies, into all his hopes and plans, and he knew that her woman's heart and fine tact would aid and inspire him in that new work to which he should give himself not less, but more, for the blessedness of that hour.

They both saw that some explanations were due Genevieve's family. The broken engagement—the long misapprehensions on both sides must be revealed. The dead man's memory must be shielded from the story of his crime—but, beyond that, Royl insisted, for all their sakes, the truth should be told. Alvin Darrow must be held responsible for the broken engagement of their youth.

Late in the afternoon Royl looked at his watch. He and Genevieve were quite amazed to find how the day had flown. For the first time she wondered what they would think at home of her strange absence. She laid her hand on Royl's. "We must go home!" she said. "At last—at last the dream of my girlhood will come true, and I shall present you to my people!"

A little later they came out of the wood together. A fresh breeze from the sea had swept off the gray veils of cloud from the sky. The level beams touched with lovely, picturesque lights the mighty boles of the pines and the brown matting at their feet. The sun hung—a great fiery crater—on the distant sea-horizon. The sight brought back to Genevieve that other sunset, ten years ago, when she had walked out of the wood with Royl's uncle, and all the beauty and glory of the world was darkened for her. At that thought she drew her breath hard—she turned to look at her companion—to assure herself that this day was no dream that mocked her—that Royl Darrow was indeed at her side!

He saw the swift movement—the look in her eyes. "What is it, dear?" he asked.

And she told him.

Genevieve's prolonged absence had been the subject of no little, half-serious, half-amused speculation in the household. After she left them the three became so absorbed in talk, that time went rapidly with them also, and she and her guest had long disappeared from the house before Grace resolved to go in search of her sister. To her amazement she found the parlor empty, and no sign anywhere of Genevieve or her elegant visitor.

The astonished girl carried back these tidings to her aunt and brother. Neither, of course, knew what to make of them; but, after endless joking over the affair on Robert's part, they settled it that she must have gone down to the shore with her guest.

They kept dinner waiting nearly an hour for her

re-appearance. Rob sat down, at last, with a wry face. His first dinner at home, after a six-month's absence, was no ordinary event, and he affirmed he would not have believed there was a man in the world who could have kept Genevieve from his side on this occasion.

As the afternoon wore on, and she did not appear, they were all perplexed. If it had been anybody but Genevieve, who was quite capable of taking care of herself, Mrs. Fairfax insisted she should be uneasy. She made Grace go over minutely with the description of this stranger who had so mysteriously spirited away the elder daughter of the house. As she listened, she remembered the strange secret of Genevieve's girlhood. She had never doubted that this was at the bottom of the beautiful woman's indifference to all men who would have approached her as suitors. What if this man, whom Grace described with such glowing adjectives, were the one who had stolen the heart of Genevieve's youth? What if the mystery which had so long pained and perplexed her aunt were about to be revealed?

After she had asked herself these questions, Mrs. Fairfax smiled in a curious way to herself. "To think that she, with her gray hairs and more than sixty years, should go weaving the romances of a girl of sixteen!"

"I have just discovered," said Grace, with a look of dismay, as she fluttered into the room, "that Genevieve went off without her hat! She must have passed right by it in the hall. It is a shame to treat one's complexion in that way!"

"I suppose, Gracie, at twenty, a girl does think of such things," was Rob's not very sympathetic rejoinder.

A little later they fell to talking of Dick Sharon. Young Weir and he had had glorious times in their boyhood catching blue-fish and rock-bass. They had weathered many a stormy gale together, and always enjoyed best being out when the winds blew stiff and the waves ran high in the Sound.

As soon as the first fine edge of his home-coming had worn off, young Weir intended to set out again for his old haunts with a small row-boat, some fishing-tackle and the redoubtable Dick. Grace informed her brother that Dick's bristly hair was as fierce and his freckles as pugnacious as ever, but the man was as kindly and honest as the homely little fisher-lad.

All the Weir family cherished a grateful feeling towards Dick. Genevieve had, in various ways, advanced his fortunes. At the very time they were having this talk in the house, somebody in the pine-wood was learning about him for the first time, and afterwards that day proved the luckiest in Dick Sharon's life. Before the month was out he found the ambition of his life realized, for he was the proprietor of a fine farm, lying just outside the boundaries of Grayledge.

The summer afternoon wore away, and still Genevieve did not return. Rob declared that this was not the sort of treatment he had expected from Genevieve, and that he was immensely aggrieved; but it was, at

least, doubtful to those who listened to his talk, whether the fellow really meant one word of all he said.

"I am a good deal provoked with Genevieve myself," said Grace, "and yet I must own to a secret sympathy with her. If that splendid man had invited me to go off with him, I am not certain—I might have done just what Genevieve has!"

At that, young Weir rose and stood before Mrs. Fairfax. "You hear what she says, Aunt Esther?" His voice was as solemn as a judge, but the merry glint they all knew was in his eyes. "Do dragons take the shape of gods, and haunt this staid old town of Grayledge! When one sister is mysteriously spirited away by some mysterious and magnificent stranger, and another sister unblushingly affirms he had only to ask, and she should have gone with him, is it not time for their unhappy brother and sole protector to rush, like the Sabines of old, to the rescue of his bewitched womankind?"

At that instant Grace cried out: "Oh, hush, Rob! Here they come!"

It was true! Royl Darrow and Genevieve Weir came up through the blossom-bordered walks in the sunset. They entered the house; they came straight to the room where the curious family awaited them. They had never seen Genevieve look so beautiful—never seen her face in such a trance of radiant happiness! She presented Royl Darrow to the three who sat there. Then she turned, and standing by his side, she clasped her hands with her own quiet, graceful movement on his shoulder.

"Ten years ago," she said, in her sweet, thrilling voice, "I promised this man I would be his wife! A great trouble came between and separated us. It was not his fault—not mine. To-day all has been made clear and perfect between us. I have renewed to him the promise of my girlhood—I have told him that before the end of another month I will be his wife! He is the one only man I have ever loved, and for more than ten years I have kept my woman's word to him!"

THE END.

**TRUE LOVE.**—No great feeling is wholesome where it comes up as a feeling and is allowed to go down as a feeling. Love that burns at first as love leaves the heart desolate unless it takes on activity. All great feelings must incarnate themselves and assume some form of definite action, or they will perish, and will perish in a way that after a time prevents their ever existing again with such purity and power as in the beginning. When the attraction of love first brings persons together, and they come into holy matrimony, if they all the time wait for this feeling to exist as a feeling, they will wait for a mirage: but, if it takes on the form of self-denial, of mutual service, of etiquette, of respect, of courtesy, of acts of love, then the emotion changes itself into a habit which is better than any mere emotion. Love that ceases to have a flame, and has action, is deeper than love that has a flame and no action. But little observation of life is necessary to prove this.

## THE SIX RESOLUTIONS.

**T**HE rectory was the most comfortable house within the parish of Hipping Mead. The rector, the Rev. Elam Martyn, was a widower with seven daughters, the eldest six-and-twenty, the youngest fourteen years old—he had been a widower some thirteen years.

The shackles of matrimony had fallen from his rather light nature, without leaving permanent regret. Not that his had been an unhappy married life, but his wife had been—and no detriment to his manliness, either—the stronger will of the two. Still, he felt the yoke in a quiescent sort of a way, and so, when it fell from off him, unknown to himself, unacknowledged in his heart, the relief was sensible.

It came then, that at the age of thirteen, Gerty, his eldest daughter, took upon herself, with premature womanliness, the ordering of the household, and had remained ever since, as her father said, prime minister—a born administrator she was, and her father knew it. Never, from household disorganization, had the rector been once tempted, these thirteen years of widowhood, to cast a thought on second yedlock, and the very possibility of such a thing had never entered his daughters' heads.

The sisters lived in affection with each other, and at peace with their neighbors. The village watched over their rector's daughters with vigilant interest, knew their different dispositions and inclinations, and prized them accordingly.

Mothers of young girls intended for service eagerly sought to have them trained by Miss Gerty, whose efficiency in all domestic matters was well known and respected; but, if any one were sick, it was Miss Sophie who was in demand.

If, however, sorer trouble than sickness fell on a household—not poverty, but disgrace through some near member, then it was Miss Nelly, her father's pet, who was appealed to. "A sign," said her father, with dry humor, "that your own morals are rather lax, my girl." But Nelly argued that this was a disease, and might be cured by medicine, not surgery merely.

Again, if poverty visited a family, Mary, the open-handed, soft, pitying Mary, was called to the rescue. That money was needed was all that Mary cared to know, the why and the wherefore were after considerations. Her father laughed, and called her proceedings Irish. "You give bread first," he said, "you weigh it afterwards." "People give a more attentive ear to wisdom," would Mary say, "when fed and clothed—hunger dulls the sense of morality."

But, if Hipping Mead had a backward swain or a coquettish damsel, Miss Emmy was the one appealed to. For one short summer, when still in her teens, Emmy lived her little idyll of happy love, but when harvest-time had been and gone, her lover was on the wide sea, and had bade her no farewell, so she had ever a plaintive, pleading voice, that brought together often, sundered lovers; a winning smile that had power with a wavering swain. And lastly, when

Hipping Mead would be *en fête*, Gracey was in request. She it was who decked the May Queen, presided at tea feasts, joined heartiest in the rural games, and gave the prizes.

The seventh daughter, Amy, the last of the flock, was an invalid—the tender and special care of each of her loving sisters, and her father also.

It was the first week in October, and Mr. Martyn went to Harrington, a neighboring parish, to indulge on a friend's acres in some unclerical sport, and to take a Sunday's duty.

As he was to be absent ten days, Gerty inaugurated a house-cleaning, her usual "escape" for repressed energies. A week had elapsed since his departure, the actual cleansing process was over, but the things had not been replaced in their respective localities, orderly confusion reigned supreme—even confusion was orderly with Gerty.

The six sisters sat at the breakfast-table. Amy was on the sofa, the meal was just over, and Gerty was opening the post-bag. Its only contents that morning was a letter from the rector, addressed to "The Miss Martyns." Rather surprised, Gerty, as the eldest, opened the letter. It was short; not half a dozen lines—she read it, and, as if she could not help it, let it drop.

"Girls," she cried, in a faint voice, "papa is married!"

For a second or two no one spoke; then Nelly, with a white face, picked up the letter and read it aloud; it was as follows:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTERS: This morning I married a widow with six children. She is a good manager, but the children are very unruly. I hope to be home on Saturday night.

"Your loving father,

"ELAM MARTYN."

The consternation at that breakfast-table baffles description. A sob broke from Nelly, it was echoed at intervals by her six sisters. They looked at each other blankly, then round the large and cozy room, taking a prospective farewell. Over the side-board hung a full-length portrait of the late Mrs. Martyn. Gerty's eyes led the way to its contemplation, the six other pairs followed.

Gerty exclaimed: "My poor mother!" In different keys each voice repeated the lament.

"I shall at once go out as a lady-help," said Gerty, taking, as the eldest, the lead in declaring her intentions.

"A lady-help!" echoed her sisters, aghast.

"Yes; I am qualified for nothing higher in the labor mart," she said, bitterly. "My education ceased when she," pointing to the deceased Mrs. Martyn, "died. Since then my only studies have been the bodily needs of my family. I shall never sit round at this board."

"Poor Gerty!" sighed they all.

"And I," said Sophie, "I shall get Cousin Tom to take me into St. Luke's Hospital as nurse. Luckily

for me, like Gerty, my family and the village have trained me well for my vocation; but papa will miss me when he has his gout, I know," and that expectation seemed to bring sudden consolation to Sophie, and gratification to the others.

"Such a nurse as you are!" they all cried. "Oh, it is a shame!"

Then Nelly, her father's favorite, wiping away her tears with an angry gesture, cried: "Papa used to call me little Mrs. Fry. I think he was just prophesying, for I'll apply to the governor of St. Giles's Prison to be made a female warder. Bill Jones—Burly Bill, you know—has been often there, and he says the female warders are *quite* ladies, and live by themselves."

"O Nelly!" they all exclaimed, "it is such an ugly dress. Your hair's all cut short, and you have to wear big keys at your side."

"I shall at any rate be useful," said Nelly, loftily, "and not in *anybody's* way," and she relapsed into tears.

In a soft, deprecatory tone, Emmy took up her burthen.

"It is a world full of pain," she sighed. "Whatever our special vocations may be, man's universal aim seems to be crushing woman's best affections. I shall go as companion to old Miss Triniger; she has often asked me. Papa shall have a quiet fire-side."

"Miss Triniger!" they all cried, horrified. "Oh, not Miss Triniger; she never sees a soul, and she is so crabbed, so selfish. Oh, not her Emmy."

"I am patient," said Emmy, with the air of expectant martyrdom.

With a decidedly more cheerful voice, quivering between a smile and a tear, Mary, the governess—the tender-hearted Mary—announced her intentions.

"I shall marry Cousin Tom," she said. "I didn't like to be the first to break our happy circle, but he wanted me to marry him months ago, so I'll do it now."

"O Mary!" they exclaimed, one after the other. "O Mary dear, we are so glad!" And then they all wept together. In a little time they dried their eyes and looked at Gracey, who made no sign of delivering her resolution.

"And you, Gracey," they said, "what will you do?"

"Sisters," she replied very quietly, "I shall stay here."

"Here!" they echoed in different keys of astonishment and resentment.

"Yes," she repeated, "here. If papa will not need me, Amy will. You forget Amy."

"Amy," said each, in a shamed whisper. And then they all rose together, all but Gracey, and gave the fragile invalid on the sofa a pardon-asking kiss.

"Gracey is right," they said. "One of us must stay and take care of Amy." And they wished in their secret hearts that in their pride and anger, their wounded affections, their self-assertion and impulsive reprisals, they had not forgotten poor, little, feeble Amy.

Saturday night came, and round the tea-table the six sisters, Amy on the couch as before, awaited the arrival of their father.

The seat at the head of the board was empty, in ominous expectancy. Throughout the house a careless desolation reigned. The furniture deposed for the cleaning had not been reinstated; the two servants moved about like mutes, their voices sepulchral, their demeanor solemnly grave. The tea-table, usually so brightly inviting, was chill and formal-looking; no hot cakes or delicate preserves. Plenty there was, but the plenty of right, not of mindful love. No one spoke. Each watched the clock furtively. Seven struck, and, three minutes after, the gravel was scattered against the windows, the bell was rung hastily, the door opened, and unmet, unwelcomed, but certainly not unexpected, Mr. Martyn returned to the bosom of his family. He was alone; his daughters rose simultaneously.

"Well," he cried, his eyes twinkling mischievously, "what has happened, Nelly?" and he looked at his favorite. "No kiss for papa, any of you girls?"

And then he counted them; beginning at Gerty, he called each by name, till reaching Amy he cried: "And Amy's seven. You're all here. And what a state the house is in," looking quizzingly round the room; "everything topsy-turvy: been frightened by ghosts?" he laughed. "Why, Peggy only half-opened the door to me, and Dan never opened his lips from the station to the hall door."

"Papa," said Gerty, severely, "why didn't you bring her in?"

"Who in?" and the rector's mouth twitched mischievously.

"The new mistress of Hipping Mead," replied Gerty, with a choke in her voice.

"Your wife," said Sophie.

"Poor mamma's successor," sobbed Nelly.

"The strange woman," cried Mary.

"Mrs. Martyn," said Emmy, with convincing simplicity.

"The widow you married, sir," said Gracey, reproachfully.

"And the six children," piped poor, weak little Amy, from the sofa.

"Good gracious!" cried the rector, divesting himself of his outer coat. "A woman with so many individualities knew I never."

Then all in concert demanded: "Did you not write and tell us that you had married a widow with six children?"

"Yes," replied the rector, laughing heartily, "yes, and so I did—but to another man."

The only one of the resolutions kept was Mary's. She did marry Cousin Tom, but she always declared she had been frightened into it. THE ARGOSY.

"THERE are people who live behind the hill" is an old German proverb, which means that there are other folk in the world beside yourself, although you may not see them.

MAKING A SAMPLER.

WINSOME little lady  
Dressed in ancient style,  
Sitting where the sunlight

Lovingly doth smile;  
Shining needle deftly  
Guiding in and out;  
Now, then, don't you wonder  
What she is about?

Bodice trimly fitting,  
Skirt of satin sheen,  
Dainty high-heeled slippers  
Just below are seen;  
Counting threads precisely,  
Eyes intently fixed;  
'Twill not do to let them  
Get the least bit mixed!

Tiny sigh comes softly  
Through the pretty lips,  
As her work she straightens  
With her finger-tips;  
Now, beneath the needle,  
Gliding to and fro,  
Through the quaint old canvas  
Wondrous letters grow.

Small ones, humble-minded,  
Rank and file may stand,  
Capitals, less modest,  
Take, of course, command!  
Figures, next in order,  
Blest with lowly grace,  
Take, as sturdy servants,  
Their appointed place.

One sweet text of Scripture,  
Then a border neat,  
Like a dainty framing,  
Makes the whole complete;  
Oh, to make a sampler  
Is such tedious work,  
Yet no high-born damsel  
May the duty shirk.

For, the household linen  
She must mark one day,  
And can learn to do it  
In no other way.  
When the sampler's finished,  
Framed and hung 'twill be  
Where her skill and patience  
Every one may see.

Winsome little lady,  
Dressed in ancient style,  
Sitting where the sunlight  
Lovingly doth smile;  
Shining needle deftly  
Guiding in and out;  
Now you've found out truly  
What she is about.

RUTH ARGYLE.

## MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

"O MA'AM! won't you come round to our house quick?" said a dirty-faced child about ten years old. Her head was frowzy, looking as if it had not seen a comb for weeks, and her soiled clothes were tattered and unsightly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The baby's got a fit, and mother says, please won't you come round. She don't know what to do."

I knew the child and her mother. They lived in a court not far off. So I drew on a shawl and hood, and ran around to see what could be done for the sick baby. The poor little thing lay in its frightened mother's arms, struggling with spasms.

"O ma'am!" cried the woman, "he'll die! 'he'll die!"

"Of course he will," said I, a little impatiently, "if you sit there doing nothing."

"But, O ma'am! what can I do?" she asked helplessly.

"Why, get him into a warm bath as quickly as possible," said I. "Every woman who has a baby ought to know enough to do that. Have you any hot water?"

"Oh, dear! no. The fire's all gone out," she answered, beginning to wring her hands in the way peculiar to some people when any sudden trouble comes upon them.

I went hastily into a neighbor's, and found a kettle of water on the fire. It was given cheerfully, and the neighbor went back with me and assisted to get the poor baby into a hot bath, which soon relaxed and soothed its convulsed frame.

Such a room as that in which I found this woman and her children!—the latter three in number. Dirt and disorder were everywhere. The supper-table was in the middle of the floor, filled with unwashed dishes and what remained of the evening meal. The floor was partly covered by a filthy rag carpet, with rents here and there and ragged fringes at the unbound ends. A woman's soiled dress hung over one of the chairs, the sleeves resting on the floor. A dishcloth, a pair of dirt-colored baby's socks, a comfortable for the neck that looked as if it had been dragged in the gutter, two old hats and a hood ornamented the wall on one side, while strewn about on the floor and on the shelves were a motley collection of the most incongruous and unsightly things. A more disorderly and unsightly room for a human habitation can hardly be imagined.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, after the baby's spasms were over.

"He never stays in o' nights," she answered, in a whimpering tone and with an injured look.

"Where does he go?" I asked.

"To the tavern," she said, with a pulse of anger in her voice.

"Where he finds things clean, orderly and comfortable," I replied, glancing around the room and then looking steadily at the woman. "I'm not much surprised; indeed, I would be more surprised

to hear that he spent his evenings in a place like this."

"It's good enough for his wife and children," she said, rather spitefully, "and it ought to be good enough for him. Why don't he save his money and get us a better home?"

"Rather poor encouragement," I answered, again glancing around the room.

The woman's eyes followed mine, and, beginning to comprehend my meaning, she reddened and seemed disconcerted.

"Not much chance, with a sick baby and all the work to do, to keep things right." She spoke in a half-apologetic, half-injured tone of voice.

"There's no excuse for dirt and disorder, Mrs. Reap," said I. "If you gave only ten minutes a day to putting things right, and a little care to keeping them right, there'd be some hope of your husband's staying away from taverns and bad company. As it is, there is none whatever. No man could spend his evenings in a hole like this."

My disgust was strong, and I was in no mood to conceal it, being out of all patience with the woman, who was strong and hearty. I had seen her husband a few times, and rather liked his looks; and was satisfied that his wife was more than half to blame for his visits to the tavern.

Mrs. Reap took the sick baby, now sleeping softly, and laid it on a bed in the next room. Then she went bustling about in a half-angry way, first pushing back the supper-table and carrying the dishes off into a little outer kitchen; then clearing the chairs and walls from dirty garments and odds and ends of unsightly things, putting the scant furniture and other articles, on floor and shelves, into some kind of order.

"Very much better," said I, approvingly, and in a gentler tone of voice; and it hasn't cost you ten minutes' work. A good half-hour to-morrow morning, with elbow grease and soap and water, would make such a change in this room that one would hardly know it; and what is more and better, put heart into your husband, and, maybe, if everything was made tidy and comfortable, keep him home from the tavern to-morrow evening."

A light flashed into the woman's face. This was a new thought to her.

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," she answered. "I never looked at it so before. Dick does scold about things badly, and swears awfully sometimes—particularly when he's taken a glass or two. But I've so little heart, you see."

"If a wife don't do her best to make home pleasant, Mrs. Reap," I said, "she can't expect her husband to stay in it any longer than he can help. She should remember that there are saloons at almost every corner and in every block, nicely fitted up, cool and inviting, where he can go and find the comfort she has failed to provide for him at home, and where he meets temptation in its most alluring guise. It's my opinion that one-half the married men who spend their evenings in drinking-houses would never have fallen into the habit of going there if their

homes had been made as inviting as was in the power of their wives."

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," Mrs. Reap said, almost humbly and with self-conviction in her tones; "I never thought of it before. Dick used to stay at home always when we were first married, and things about us looked new and nice; and now I think of it, he first began to go out of evenings, after Katy was born, and I began to let things drag and get out o' sorts. Since then we kind of run down all the while, and he spent more and more of his time and wages at the drinking-houses, until I got so out of heart that I didn't care much how we lived. But, please God, I'll try and do better from this night."

"Stick to that, Mrs. Reap, and only good can come of it," I replied. "Your husband has not gone far astray, I hope. Seeing a change for the better at home, he may take heart again."

On the next evening I went round, under pretence of asking about the sick baby, but really to see if Mrs. Reap had made an effort to carry out her good resolution. The door was opened, in answer to my knock, by Mr. Reap himself. I scarcely knew the room I entered as the one visited on the night before. It had been thoroughly cleaned—even the rag-carpet had been taken up and beaten, and the frayed ends trimmed and bound. All rubbish and unsightly things had been removed, and, to my surprise, I noticed a half-muslin curtain, clean and white, stretched across the window. The supper-table had been cleared off, and there stood on it a nice glass lamp, beside which lay a newspaper that Mr. Reap had been reading when I knocked.

"How is the little one to-night?" I asked. Mrs. Reap was sitting with her baby on her lap, dressed in a clean, though faded calico wrapper, and with her hair smoothly brushed. I would hardly have known her for the repulsive-looking woman I had visited on the evening before.

"Better, ma'am," she answered. "Indeed, he's 'most as well as ever. My husband, ma'am"—introducing Mr. Reap, who bowed with an ease of manner that marked him as one possessing a native refinement.

"You're quite comfortable here," I said, glancing about the room with a pleased air that was no counterfeit.

"Yes, it is cozy and comfortable for a poor man," Reap answered, with genuine satisfaction in his voice.

I threw a look at his wife, who returned it with one of pleased intelligence.

"Will it last?" That was my concerned question on going home. "It shall last!" was my emphatic answer, "if help from me will do anything."

And so I made it a duty to drop in upon Mrs. Reap every day or so. I soon saw that she needed just this. The fact that my eyes were upon her, gave the outside pressure that kept her to her good resolution when the tired limbs failed, or her weary mind drooped for lack of energy. Habit is always hard to overcome; and her long negligent habits made the new, orderly life she was in the effort to live seem

very wearisome at times. But I kept to my work, and with the happiest results.

It is not much over a year, now, and Mr. Reap and his wife are living in a snug little cottage just out of the city, with everything neat and wholesome around them. Their children go cleanly dressed to school, and the husband and father finds home so pleasant that he has turned his back entirely on the saloons.

A—.

## WE ARE CHANGING.

WE are changing! we are changing!  
One by one the years pass on  
With a quick and noiseless footstep,  
Leaving traces when they're gone—  
Traces that will deepen yearly  
On the brow and on the heart,  
Printing there the solemn changes,  
That of life's the greater part.

We are changing! we are changing!  
Things we once would deeply prize,  
Now can wake no heartfelt gladness  
Like the rapture that would rise,  
When the young and mounting spirit  
Fluttered with its kindling joys;  
And we worshiped then as idols  
What we barter now for toys!

We are changing! we are changing!  
Where that fond, familiar face,  
Which we thought if e'er it smiled not,  
Earth would be a desert place?  
Now we meet it in the circle,  
As a stranger pass it by;  
Why are we not broken-hearted?  
Why not tear-drops in the eye?

We are changing! we are changing!  
Tender words and gentle thought,  
Hopes we fostered, aims we cherished  
Long ago have been forgot!  
And the actions, cold, forbidding,  
Which now mark our lives instead,  
Speak of sad and solemn changes  
That have o'er our being sped.

We are changing! we are changing!  
Changing like the summer day,  
When the autumn blights the foliage,  
Trembling on the waving spray;  
Changing with each pulse that beateth,  
With each waking, sleeping breath,  
From the stirring crowds of living,  
To the silent host of death!

MRS. JENEVEVAH M. WINTON.

THE incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill temper towards each other.

### AQUARIUMS AND FERN-BASKETS.

THE girls incline to want pretty things, like these, and I incline to humor them, and help and encourage them. The deacon says it "don't pay;" and then I respond—something—I'll not tell what it is; and he smooths his beard, and smiles and makes no reply.

How I did enjoy fixing our aquarium last spring! We put on men's boots, and tucked up our dresses, and waded into the swamp, and thrust our bared arms into the limpid water, and down into the soft, black mud and mellow, spongy earth, and we left our hats and sun-bonnets on the banks and the bushes, and we lifted tenderly the most beautiful plants and dainty, fring-y leaves, and filled our baskets to overflowing.

We were experimenting. We had to learn. Not one of the pretty things could grow for any length of time in the pure water of the aquarium. The sweet flag, or calamus, lasted the longest of anything.

You will all be glad to know how to plan and stock an aquarium in your country homes, so I will endeavor to make the directions very plain and simple. Ours was made by an ingenious workman, from looking at a picture of one. In size, it was twelve by sixteen inches, and twelve inches in height. The frame-work was black walnut, varnished, with decalcomania pictures transferred on it. The bottom was walnut, covered with zinc; the sides and ends were plate-glass, put in with putty—japan had been added to the putty to dry it and make it harder. A lot of sand and gravel was washed so long and so well that they were perfectly pure and clean, they could not dirty the water the least particle. The first thing then to put into the bottom of the new and well-tested aquarium was about two inches depth of this sand, and then on that an inch of gravel—they were put in, however, in hills and hollows, to represent a bit of landscape; this way is preferable—it is beautiful.

After this one must use her own taste and judgment, and here the artistic eye will manifest itself in the work it directs. In ours were sea-shells, white stones, lumps of colored glass, quartz and other things that showed well under water. It resembled pictures we have seen of places in the bed of the ocean. This was filled with pure, soft well-water to within two or three inches of the top, and stood on a stand near a window.

A vine out of our pretty country lakes—the long, graceful, beautiful kind that will grow without roots, in water, was obtained, washed thoroughly, and it added the finishing charm, and was just what the aquarium needed. It grows, and floats, and trails through the water so prettily. We got ours at Odell's Lake, not far from Wooster, Ohio, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. It is found in all inland lakes. The Lily of the Nile can be planted in a wide-mouthed glass bottle, or something of the kind, an inch of water put on top and stood in one corner of the aquarium. It will grow without any trouble whatever.

A rock-work, perfectly clean, can be built up in the centre to reach above the top of the aquarium, and some growing ferns put in a vessel and stood on it. The spray of ferns, or maiden-hair, or something airy and delicate, is very beautiful indeed. The papyrus is another plant that grows under water.

Now, to stock the aquarium, creek fish are preferable, and they are so pretty and cunning, and there is such a fund of amusement and entertainment in watching them. They can be caught in a great many ways. Our friend, Helen, took a large tin pail and waded out into a pool and caught hers that way—minnows they were. Ours were caught by fastening a large piece of druggot, or coffee-sacking, in a square frame like a dip-net, and catching them where a brook ran into the stream. We had eight or ten—one pumpkin-seed, one silver-perch, one little catfish, three chubs, and others that I did not know the names of. I give the names by which little boys know them, for the brown-fisted little men will delight in getting them for their sisters' aquariums. We had a craw-fish, too, and some water-snails, but one must be careful and not overstock. The task will be found so interesting, however, that you will hardly know when to stop. If it is possible, put all in at one time; if this is not done, they may fight and quarrel, and tear one another's clothes. One day, last summer, ours had a little spat, and the tail of the pumpkin-seed's coat was torn into slits. He did look too funny. He was so mortified that he crawled in under a sea-shell and stuck out his mouth and sulked, and would not come out to eat, nor show himself for some time. Perhaps he had some other reason, but we presumed it was wounded pride and mortification. He was a domineering fellow, withal, and would sometimes chase the others and not let them sail anywhere near him. The girls said his coat-tail was slashed—that this was the proper word. Our friend, Helen, had to punish one of her fish for fighting; she took him out and laid him on the carpet a little while until his anger cooled off. If a craw-fish is put in an aquarium, it is best to have something not very smooth to project out of the water, that it may come up and out into the air, if it wants to. A small water-turtle will likewise add another interesting feature to this bit of home adornment.

Now, as to how often the water must be changed. The way we determine is to observe, and when the fish begin to come to the surface, and put their heads out occasionally, the water needs changing. This is done by a siphon, a small rubber tube, say two feet in length; put one end of it down into the water in the aquarium, and have the other end on the outside the lowest, start it going by suction, and you can soon draw it all off, and pour on fresh water. To remove the fish, dip them up in a tin-cup and leave them in a pail of water until you are ready to replace them. You will not need to remove the contents of the aquarium and wash everything oftener than once or twice in a summer, unless you are careless when you feed and give them more than they will eat. In this case the atoms of food will remain in the bottom, and

help to render the water impure. Sometimes we dip out a few quarts of the water when the fish seem fussy and dissatisfied, and put in the same amount of fresh from the well. In a minute's time you will observe that they sail, and curvet, and dart, and skim much jollier than before.

Some people say an aquarium should not stand in a very light place. Ours stands between a door and window, and the evening sunshine falls full upon it and magnifies the fish and other living things, and makes the shells, and coral, and mosses, and stones look three times as large as they really are, and a thousand times more beautiful, and bright, and perfect. I sat and watched them awhile last evening. The large water-snail had gone up on the glass apiece, and was sticking there like wax, his shell on his shoulders, just as an Irish peddler would lug his pack of "noice foine lenen table-clawtha." On top of a sea-shell that lay on end, stuck the other snail, clinging closely, his little shell shoved back as jauntily as a fop would tip aside his hat. The craw-fish seemed to be prospecting. He stood up as well as he could, and reached over and felt of his unctuous fellow-boarder, the big water-snail. He laid his hands on him, lifted them up and down, crept closer, whispered, made motions like the Shakers do when they dance, jabbed one of his stilts gently under the fat, pulpy cheek of the silent, sulky snail, but no sign of recognition or kindly greeting rewarded him. And the fish, they sailed round and round, up and down, over and under, in and out, and father and I laughed and said funny things, and wondered how families *could* get along without an aquarium.

But a good aquarium costs from five to ten dollars and then the chances are that they will leak, or rust, or get broke, or something else wrong. Ours sprang aleak. It was caused by lifting it with the water in it, just as women will lift a wash-boiler. Had we known better, this would not have happened.

We are getting a new one made, twelve by twenty-four inches, the bottom made of iron, well painted, to keep it from rusting, the frame of wood, finished about the bottom with moulding, and good plate glass at the sides and ends. It will be so large that we can keep a great many varieties of plant and aqueous life in it. We think the iron can be so successfully painted that it will not rust nor be dangerous to the little lives above it.

Now to those women away out in country homes who would not care about such large and risky aquariums, we can suggest something that will take the place of them, and yet be just as satisfactory to the dear little loving boys and girls whose delight would culminate in owning, and stocking, and caring for an aquarium and the strange little lives that dwell therein.

For seventy-five cents you can buy a very nice glass globe that will hold a gallon of water, and for three dollars you can get one that will contain four gallons. With care, these are perfectly safe, and they are so beautiful when put in proper order. They can be stocked just like the larger ones, but care must be

observed lest too many things are put in and the fish die. The snails, however, are advantageous, and fish will thrive better because of their scavenger neighbors.

In summer time we feed a bit of angle-worm cut into the merest atoms about twice a week, or any bit of fresh meat or chicken; in the winter they were not fed oftener than once in a fortnight. One can soon tell when the fish is hungry; it will come sailing along up to the glass as near you as it can get. Gold-fish cost a mere trifle, and they interest children, and are not quite as much trouble as minnows and creek fish. But these common things—perhaps the very lowest in the scale of animal life—are wonders and marvels, after all. Why, we really became attached to ours, the insignificant, cunning, pretty little things!

One cold day in winter, Lily came tugging the aquarium out into the warm kitchen, saying: "I can't stand it to see poor old pumpkin-seed off in that room! He acts as if he were so lonesome!" A fish lonesome!

Helen's aquarium is a very large glass jar with the top cut off. Her brother Jack dipped a woolen string in kerosene oil, tied it around where he wanted it cut off, set fire to it and burned it, and it broke off at the right place. That makes a very good substitute for an aquarium until she learns the habits of fish, and how to manage them. I was at her house one evening, talking over church affairs. Her kitten walked up to the glass jar, looked in, tapped its paw on the side, smiled, and after watching the gambols of the fish a few minutes, it leaned over to get a drink, lost its balance and fell in. With a long-drawn, despairing mew, it threw up its paws, caught hold of the edge and drew itself out, the forlornest little slink of a thin, dripping, sorrowing kitten I ever saw. The fish darted here and there, the snails lay as if dead, the brown water-turtle was as sullen and still as a big horn-button, and the craw-fish clasped his pincers despairingly, and hid his odds-and-ends under a jutting shelf of sparkling quartz.

It is desirable in a well-planned aquarium to have a portion of the rock-work elevated above the surface for the benefit of such occupants as those that require an occasional exodus from the water. It is difficult, we think, to find the right medium for the successful living together of plant and animal life. We did not succeed as we had hoped. It is so hard to obtain just the right plants to grow in water. Instead of this, it is better only to have the vine, or plant, *anacharis*, before mentioned. It is known by the name of water-weed; we never saw it only in lakes, but Helen says it grows in large brooks, and is easily obtained. It grows so readily, and is so prolific, that a piece cut off and thrown into water will, unless frequently pruned and kept back, fill the entire space in a short time. It flourishes in a manner wholly independent of its position, and will grow and thrive even as it floats down a stream, without being attached to anything. It is a very beautiful thing in water, graceful and pretty, and a bronze-gray green in color, and exceedingly active in its oxygenizing capacity.

It puts the very life into the water which is required by the fish.

I hope I have made this talk so plain and easy to be understood, that no one who reads it will think the stocking of an aquarium too tedious or troublesome to undertake, when the children whoop out: "Oh, do let's have one!" I have told every minute item connected with it that I could remember. And now the girls and I will get ready to plan, and contrive, and fix up our new one. It will be a charm and a study. It will stand, too, where we can see it every hour, and where its inmates will not get "lonesome."

"Fern-baskets!" I did forget!

PIPSEY POTTS.

### BEN-HA-ZELAH.

RACHEL, daughter of Ben-Ha-Zelah, slept;  
The angel's hand had lain  
Sleep's fetters on the beautiful, the loved.  
The father wept in vain;  
He could not waken her from that deep sleep;  
The cheek, where love's warm rose  
Would blossom 'neath his kiss, was calm and white.  
The angel gave repose,

And gave assurance none should wake the maid,  
Till pearls as white as snow,  
Of his own making, the wise Alchemist  
Over that brow could throw.  
So Rachel slept, as beautiful in sleep  
As image carved in stone,  
And the pure heart that beat so evenly  
Ne'er changed its monotone.

The pulses did not quicken at love's cry;  
The heart sent up no stain  
To redden to a blush-rose in the cheek.  
Love's agony was vain!  
The father wept; we wonder that *such* tears  
Grew not to pearls, they were  
So pure, and clear, and free from earthly taint.  
However sown each tear,

They never grew to pearls, though many fell;  
Yet Ben-Ha-Zelah kept  
The angel's words, and faith lived in his soul,  
Albeit Rachel slept;  
Else could he not have traveled far and wide  
Upon his weary quest.  
The secret was shut close in nature's hand,  
And father-love would wrest

It from her clasp. He studied long and well,  
His crucible fires burned low;  
And for the gems he tested, lo, his hands  
Held—*ashes* "white as snow!"  
"Weary and sick at heart with hope deferred,"  
He sought in foreign lands,  
Where nature's hidden laboratory was,  
This secret at her hands.

But she is coy when man's best wisdom strives  
Her knowledge to impinge;  
She locked her secret in her ocean shells,  
And snapped each cunning hinge.

"Weary and sick at heart with hope deferred,"  
He sought no caravan,  
But went his ways alone. The fainting heart  
Shrinks from the gaze of man.

Trav'ling alone, he found companionship—  
The sweetest earth can hold;  
He found a child clasped in its mother's arms;  
Her dying lips soon told  
Of the cruel sabre's stroke, and the dead knight,  
And of the robber's greed.  
He thought of bottles with their water spent,  
And of his *own* great need.

But Ben-Ha-Zelah took the little child.  
"Though bread and water fail,  
For love of my own child," he softly said,  
"Sweet pity shall prevail."  
And pity grows to love when it yearns so  
Towards any little child.  
Lo, now "The Burdened" of his *inward* weight  
Of woe was half beguiled;  
For the child raised its soft hands trustingly,  
And lifted its sweet face,  
Alit with smiles. The savant thought it wore  
Almost an angel's grace.  
And as he went his way, strange tenderness  
Grew with his daily care  
Of the young child, and in love's ministries  
He lost his soul's despair.

And lo, a mystery! lo, his search was o'er,  
His wanderings o'er the world,  
For in his box (the angel's gift) he found  
The baby's tears impearled.  
Each tear he dried from the warm, dimpled face  
Grew to a pearl, and so  
"Love wins the secret wisdom seeks in vain,"  
The angel whispered low.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

### BY RIGHT DIVINE.

I N this free land I know a tyrant king  
Who rules supreme a kingdom all his own,  
Who reigns and rules by right divine alone,  
Who governs slaves that all day cringe and sing,  
"He walks! he talks!" in most admiring tone,  
And quail with fear if he but make a moan;  
Their hearts are shaken, if the monarch fling  
Away his sceptre—coral, jingling thing!  
A tyrant king, who well loves anarchy;  
A tyrant king, whom our free land obeys;  
A tyrant king, yet but a mimic man;  
For all this land is bound to monarchy—  
All mother-hearts some little monarch sways,  
If harder fathers be republican!

MAURICE F. EGAN.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### WHAT WILLIE SAW IN THE BROOK.

IT was nice out in the yard! The beautiful May sun was shining, the lilacs and syringas kept nodding to each other and shaking their sweetness out on the air. The cherry-trees were covered with blossoms, and when the petals came drifting down upon the green grass, Robbie picked them up in his fat little fingers and called them "snow."

Robbie was only three years old. Willie was wiser—he was six.

"Come, Willie," said mamma, from the doorway, "it is time to get ready for school."

Willie ran in quickly. He saw the new blue suit, with its shining gilt buttons, in mamma's hands, and he longed to be arrayed in its glories. When his crisp, yellow curls were brushed back from his forehead, and his collar fastened with a knot of ribbon, he was as fresh and sweet a little fellow as one would wish to kiss even on a sweet May morning.

"Just as sweet as a pink!" said grandma, as she received his caress.

"No, not a pink! I'm a bluebird!" said Willie, putting his hands in his pockets and spreading his trowsers as wide as possible. "See my blue feathers?"

"Well, good-bye bluebird!" said mamma, laughing. "Here's a cookie for you to peck, at lunch-time. Now, don't stop to play, Willie—remember!"

"Yes, mamma, I'll remember!"

Little Willie, bright as a sunbeam, fresh as a rose, why couldn't he "remember?" He flashed along over the new grass like a butterfly. Presently he came to the brook. This brook was a sore temptation to Willie. It went rippling, singing along over the smooth stones.

"I'll just look and see if grandpa frog is out this fine morning," he thought, with a glance in the direction of the school-house. "I'd like to know if that stone Jimmy threw at him last night gave him a black eye, that's all!"

Grandpa frog was nowhere to be seen. Willie took a stick, and stepping on the log that lay across the brook, poked among the stones, hoping to bring him from his hiding-place. The water was pretty deep and quite clear, just here, and as Willie bent above it he saw his trim figure reflected in the water. He did not recognize himself at first in the new suit, and glanced quickly around, half expecting to see some one by his side. Another look told him the truth, and he laughed merrily.

"Oh, my! Willie Bent, it's funny I didn't know you! I guess it's the clothes! You look stunnin'!"

He took off his hat, and smiled and nodded to himself in the water. As he did so he saw a turtle pushing its way among the stones toward the opposite bank. No more reflections for him! He was off the log in a minute and all ready to seize the turtle as it crawled up the bank.

"Oh, my, what a beauty! I'll make a pen for it, and get it when I go home! Won't Robbie like it, though?"

But turtle wasn't of his mind; he cared more for his freedom than for a house. He wouldn't lie still and wait for Willie. Whenever the little fellow laid him down he began to walk away as fast as his queer, frightened legs would carry him.

"Oh, my, what a stupid!" exclaimed Willie, impatiently.

Then a bright thought struck him, and he rolled the muddy creature in his handkerchief and went on with his work. It took some time to arrange the stones so the captive should not escape. It was a good half-hour before the pen was finished to his satisfaction. Then he thought of school with some trepidation, and started on his way. There was no one about the school-house—the door was shut.

"Oh, dear, I'm late!" groaned Willie. "I'm 'fraid I'm awful late; and I told mamma I'd 'member!"

He opened the door and crept cautiously in. Miss Jenkins saw him—he knew she would. Miss Jenkins always saw! She pointed towards a corner, and Willie knew he must stand there until the class on the floor had finished their recitation. Jake Myers sat near.

Now, if there was a boy that Willie feared and disliked, above all others, that boy was Jake Myers. He tried not to look at him, but, somehow, his eyes would keep turning just in that direction, and every time he looked Jake made hideous faces at him, and whispered, "Blue-bottle!" pointing at his new suit.

Willie grew more uncomfortable every moment. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and he wiped them away with his handkerchief. His eyes were so blinded by the salt drops that he did not see the black mud left by the turtle. His face was smeared!

Jake's efforts were redoubled now, and soon all the boys and girls were laughing. Miss Jenkins's attention was attracted. She called Willie to her, and he undertook his defense, which was a very lame and broken one, you may be sure. All the while the fast-flowing tears were washing little channels through the black dirt which he had, unconsciously, rubbed into his cheeks. What a ridiculously pitiful little object he was!

Miss Jenkins was kind—she pitied him, and thought he had been punished enough, so she washed his face and put him into his seat with a few tender words.

But Willie's troubles were not over. Jake Myers was a ragged, bare-footed young elf, with no kind home-care. He envied Willie his gay blue suit, with its shining buttons, and teased him at every opportunity. Not only then, but he made opportunities. He had a most wonderful faculty for that. At recess he poked him, pushed him, tripped him up, called him blue-bottle fly, dolly, mother's baby, etc.; asked him if "Mammy hadn't made a mistake in the day, and dressed him up for Sunday?" Willie felt persecuted. He could not turn his eyes, in the school-room, without seeing Jake twist imaginary curls about his head, the twisting accompanied by terrible contortions of countenance.

When the afternoon session was over, on the way home, all these persecutions culminated in a pitched battle. Poor, naughty little Willie! he fought bravely, but he was no match for wicked Jake, who dealt him a blow that made his nose bleed, and then ran away and left him to his own resources. And very thin resources they were.

Willie walked slowly along towards home, crying as he went, wiping away the blood with his tiny handkerchief. As he came to the brook, strangely enough, in the midst of his sorrow, he thought of the turtle. It was gone. It had broken prison and fled. He walked out on the log and looked down into the clear, peaceful water. What made him start so, and almost

lose his balance? Dear me! Why, it was the sight he saw there! A dreadful sight! A little boy with soiled clothes, swollen eyes and blood besmeared hands and face. Willie had to stop and think a moment before he could summon courage to look again.

"Oh, dear!—dear—it's me!" he sighed, "it's me, certain sure!"

Then his thoughts went back to the beautiful picture that had looked up out of the water in the morning. A few minutes later he astonished his grandmother and mother by rushing into the house, exclaiming: "O mother! wash me—fix me! don't let me be this bad, ugly boy! Make me your pink—your bluebird, and I'll always 'member, forever and forever!"

Ah, boys and girls, do we not all continually need to "remember," so that our evening face may look out to us as fearlessly pure and sweet as that of the morning?

F. A. BLAISDELL.

### THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A WORTHY bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but that he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the

boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trowsers that reached only half-way down his naked legs.

"You are a very singular boy," said he; "but, if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees. "Oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read!"

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF!"

### ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

TWO boys, John and Will, were employed by the squire to keep the paths of his garden weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds. He soon cried: "I have cleared my path;" and, having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all next day; and when the boys' master went a few days after to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear, and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Will good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them. Will you remember this?

"ROME was not builded in one day,"

The ancient proverb teaches;

And Nature, by her trees and flowers,

The same sweet sermon preaches.

Think not of far-off duties,

But of duties which are near;

And, having once begun the work,

Resolve to persevere.

A PERSIAN philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

## The Home Circle.

### CHATTY AND THE GIRLS.

WE have been at work, all of us, the past week. We took up the carpets and planned them over again. In the parlor, we ripped it in two equal parts, and sewed together, so that what was in the middle of the floor, and most worn, would go next to the wall, and the breadths nearest the wall and not worn or at all faded would come in the middle of the room. Then we put down rugs in front of the hearth, lounges, doors, bureau and looking glass. By this means we can make the carpet last longer. We all worked together like one family.

On Saturday evening, after the last curtain was put up, and every picture in its place, and just as we were ready to sit down to a late tea, the father and sister of one of the little girls came to visit her and remain over Sabbath. We were very glad to see them. Like all kindly-disposed people from the country, when they visit friends in the city or village, they brought us something nice—a pair of fat, yellow-legged chickens, a roll of good butter and a jug of maple molasses. George Nelson used to say that this was the duty of well-to-do country people when they went to visit their poor friends in town.

The little lady visitor was a charming girl, and pretty, but her forehead and cheeks were blotched with unsightly moth patches. Now I felt sorry for the young lady; and when I found that they did not come from a disordered liver, I prescribed a remedy that was given to me two years ago.

Put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur, or lac sulphur ground, in a bottle, and pour on it one pint of rum. Apply this to the moth patches two or three times a day for a month, and these unsightly things will disappear. It is a kind of fungus, and sulphur will surely destroy it. To prevent any disagreeable odor, after applying well at night wash it off in the morning. Spread something over the pillow at night, and use an old rag instead of a good towel.

This same preparation is one of the best remedies for decaying hair, or thin hair, or any defect of the hair and scalp. It is a good plan to wet the head with it, rubbing it in with the balls of the fingers most effectually, then washing it off and drying the head as much as possible with a soft towel. But the odor is bad.

One of our girls used it. She slept alone, and was just as careful and cleanly as she could possibly be. Once a week, after the rum and sulphur bath was well dried off, she had her scalp rubbed with the beaten white of an egg, and brushed with a soft brush, this way and that, then most thoroughly and carefully rinsed off and wiped dry. To-day she has so much hair that she gets almost disheartened in putting it up, and has threatened thinning it out; but I tell her if she undertakes it I will tie her disobedient and meddlesome hands behind her.

Once a month I have the girls all cut the fine, uneven ends off their hair; this will make it grow evenly. Hair cannot grow well when the ends are split, as is so often the case, and for this reason it should be clipped.

I believe I have told you that a fine and very delicate clipping of the eyelashes of young girls will induce length and beauty; just the merest fringing ends, however; and care must be exercised in performing the work, lest by some means the child may move and

an accident occur. I remember when I was a lassie, always willing to run any risk and any venture, that a nervous young dressmaker undertook to clip the very edges off my eyelashes. She went about the work as though she "meant business," and a good deal more did the scissors take than the dainty fringe, and for more than a week every time I closed my eyes the lashes locked, and would hardly separate. It was very annoying; and though I tried to laugh and think it was funny, it was far from enjoyable.

But the laugh was turned on me the other day, and in a manner that I could join the girls most heartily.

Nothing would tempt me to dye my hair. A little hint of gray is beginning to show on my temples, and the girls have been trying to persuade me to let them shame the honest gray into black with dyes; but they found me immovable. A few weeks since, I ordered a lot of Aniline dyes of all shades from the firm of Wells, Richardson & Co., of Brattleboro, Vt. They packed the bottles in sawdust in a box which had been used previously, and was distinctly labelled, "Twelve dozen bottles of Hall's Vegetable Hair Renewer," and on the other side was my address in full. The box came sooner than I expected, and there it stood on the platform at the depot all day exciting attention and remarks from loafers and people passing by. Some thought Mrs. Brooks was laying in a good supply for her own use; others that she purchased by the quantity because it came so much cheaper, while my intimate friends concluded that I had taken an agency, and would henceforth deal in hair dyes. The village painter went so far as to ask the freight agent if he supposed I would want a sign painted. And my girls—how they did laugh! They shook me, and shamed me, and tickled me, and each one begged the honor of becoming my hair-dresser and my partner. It was very laughable, and not one enjoyed the joke any more than did Aunt Chatty herself.

*Saturday morning.*—We were all invited out into the country to take tea with Uncle Ben and Aunt Hannah one day last week. There were fourteen of us, and we all stowed ourselves into a big spring-wagon, and had a merry ride there and home again. I told the girls they must "behave," or I would report them to the professor; but I forgot, and "cut up," too, and then we mutually agreed to keep silent and not tell on one another.

Now I don't want to gossip—I despise it—but as none of you will ever become acquainted with Uncle Ben or his wife Hannah, I want to impress a few things upon your mind.

There exists a feeling of inferiority often among country people when they are thrown into the company of those living in cities, or those who have had more advantages than themselves, and whose manners show more refinement. This miserable feeling is not lessened when they are playing the part of host and hostess, and the awkwardness felt is in exact keeping with the home customs.

Well, when we sat down, all of us, to that long extension-table, which seated sixteen, Uncle Ben rubbed his hands, and caressed his beard, and cleared his voice, and said: "Come, now, ladies, help yourselves; be at home." And with that command he laid hold of the loaf of bread, a great, bulging, swollen, delicious, white loaf, took up the big-handled butcher-knife, squinted with one eye at its savage edge, then

held it up to the light and looked critically the length of the wicked blade. Not satisfied, he drew the brown ball of his thumb over it to test its sharpness; at which Lottie shrunk up her little shoulders with a nervous "Ugh!" And then he began to cut huge slices. My! what broad, deep, thick, white, light slabs of bread Benjamin Riggs did cut! He tipped his head sidewise, and flung a slice to the girl on his right, then another to the girl on his left, and so on, right and left, until it made me think of a game, or of the weaver in the loom, dodging first one side then the other to catch the shuttle. After awhile the great chips missed aim, and began to knock the spoons and make them fly up and fall into unfortunate places.

The poor old man, I pitied him, and so I put on familiar ways, and told him he would have made a good marksman, and then proposed that he put the pieces on my plate, and allow me to cut them in two and pass them to the girls. I told him to remember that we were not laboring-men with whetted appetites, and if he cut too much bread they would have a surplus for toast or puddings.

When we were all served with bread, he laid down the ferocious cutting-machine, rubbed his hands again, petted the fringe about his jaws and chin, and said: "Come, girls, make long arms," and in a bewildered way, seized a plate of pork and started it a-going down one side of the table, like a boat loosed from its moorings and lazily floating down a stream.

I took the platter and helped the girls, and relieved them of the responsibility of waiting on themselves and shoving off the laden boat. He took up the butter-dish and helped himself with his knife, fresh from the meat-plate, and passing it on, we could do no less than he did. Aunt Hannah served the coffee and tea, putting in cream and sugar to suit herself. I looked at the girls, as much as to say: "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." The tureen was very large that held the potatoes, a peck of well-prepared mashed potatoes, I should think—so, instead of letting the children and girls "make themselves at home," I assisted them. Every article of food was so good, and wholesome, and abundant, and we enjoyed the meal, but the poor couple had always practiced rude, homely, uncouth habits among themselves, and now they felt painfully embarrassed and ill at ease. There had never been any system, or order, or politeness about their table customs. Why, that woman—the dear, old, good, kind creature—had allowed her growing-children to cut butter with their individual knives, which they were just as apt to make clean with their mouths first!

The pie was cut with her table-knife and passed to us, and we were obliged to put the pieces right on our greasy plates, with remains of fowl, cabbage, potatoes, meat and sauce. The canned fruits fared the same way, with the delicious quaking custard and the orange short-cake.

Every few minutes either the host or hostess would say, "Now, make long arms, girls," or, "Why, it don't pay! you didn't eat enough to lay a good foundation!" "Gracious, me, why don't you pitch in!" "Oh, bread would mould, I should think, if that's all you can stow away!" "Come, wade in and show us how to do justice to vittals!" The dear souls were just as kind as they could be, but they were embarrassed, and did not seem to enjoy our visit, while to us it was a treat to get away out into the country among the fields and flocks and beautiful timberlands, with no sense of restraint, and no narrow streets and crowded houses.

I am not telling this incident as fault-finding, or

making sport of the dear family who so kindly ministered to us. They were our superiors in honest worth—the manners of their forefathers clung to them, rude, homely practices, which they should have supplanted by more modern ones. This is no fault, but were they abandoned, these bashful, shrinking, awkward ones, who feel that "townspeople are proud," would find themselves inferior to none. Let them resolve to have order, and system, and politeness in their households, and especially at their tables every day, and in a little while this embarrassing state of affairs would have passed away.

Seventy-five cents will buy an elegant silver-plated butter-knife, and that will be one step towards breaking up the habit of cutting into the butter with the doubtful table-knife at your plate. Think of cutting off your butter from the same place where the heavily-bearded, frowzy-headed tobacco chewer or inveterate smoker cut his with the same knife that cut up his abundant and varied food! Is there anything more nauseating, I wonder! Every pantry should be supplied with cutlery enough to afford an extra bread-knife, and one for the meat, and another for the pie, with clean plates for the latter, cups for eggs, etc. Let the bread be cut in the pantry and carried to the table properly, pie ditto.

No housewife, in these days, should lack sufficient tableware when it can be had so cheaply that the carrying of it home is the hardest job. It is advisable to have about three times as much as is required for daily use. I know there are some old people who object most strenuously to any new innovations of this kind.

Now, for my part, I do love the dear old people so that I am willing to let them have their own ways, or let them draw into the better and prevalent customs gradually and gently. Never use force and say unkind words, as did a woman at whose table we once partook of a very fashionable meal. She was so stylish, the world was all in all to her. When they sat down to table, her dear old tired husband said, wearily: "O Nannie, I'm so tired and worried to-day, please give me a cup of your good coffee, first thing!" She drew herself up haughtily, and flushing red and angry, she retorted: "You will wait till the proper time comes to serve the coffee," and her eyes fairly snapped their indignation. A fig for the "proper time" in a case like this!

The present and the rising generation can be taught the newer and the better way, but, if the old people cling to theirs in preference, for sweet charity's sake, and for love and reverence for age, and for the toils and privations through which they have gone, grant them the privilege, and do it lovingly and tenderly. If grandmother likes to break her bread in pieces and suck them on her fork and "sop in the gravy," as she did in her free childhood, by all means, let her enjoy her way. Her comfort should be of more value to you than the notice of the precise beauty who sits and sips her tea, an atom at a time, from the daintily-poised silver teaspoon in her thin, white, petted, bloodless fingers.

I remember when George Nelson's old mother visited us, and stayed all summer. She liked her "sop," and enjoyed dipping her bits of bread into it, and I always put some in a saucer close to her plate, rather than have her use out of the large plate on the table.

A young lady, taking breakfast with us one morning, said: "Grandma, is that honey private, exclusively your own?" This raised a little laugh at grandma's expense, and I'll warrant, the old lady tells that yet for one of her standing jokes; how the

merry girl called her "sop" honey, and had to taste and eat with her. Grandma felt flattered.

In adopting new customs in the country household, be sure to enlist the co-operation of the willing and enthusiastic little ones. They will be agreed to it; they are so teachable, you know, but if they break any of the stipulated rules, deal kindly, don't scold—make a wide margin. Better lead than try to drive. The best way to manage a whole family is to draw them by cords that they see not—lead them so slowly and so gradually that they don't know it themselves.

I remember of a beautiful and intelligent girl who undertook to work wonders in her father's filling, but she was not content to work slowly and surely, and this was one of her rash mistakes. What a pity she had not the sweet grace of charity! Her father was one of those not-to-be-envied men, who ate noisily. He was large, and hearty, and good, and kind, and found life enjoyable. That should cover a multitude of sins. We were eating there one day. The dinner was good. The father's gustatorial smacking really spoke volumes of praise to the cook.

"Father, you eat like a hungry dog, to-day; and you pour your coffee out into the saucer, too!" said the indignant daughter, her face red and angry.

It fell like a thunderbolt on him. He flushed, and paled, and toyed with his fork, and said, "Why, Kitty!" in a dazed way.

"You know I've given you fair warning, father," she added. "I've told you so often about these things; and, you remember, I said I would expose you before company if you didn't quit it, and I've kept my word."

What an exposure! In my girlhood Esquire May had been my beau, had escorted Chatty to parties and singing-school, and had sat on the porch and conversed with her in the summer evenings until late bed-time.

Such cruel reprimands do more harm than good; they hurt and leave scars—for, the kind of scars deepest of all are those made by harsh words. There is a right and a wrong way in combating old and established habits and customs—may the right way be ours.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### MY LITTLE TEA-POT.

AS the morning sunshine pours into the room where I sit, its bright rays fall on a little tea-pot of Wedgewood ware. It is dark blue, so rich and deep a hue, that it throws into exquisite relief the raised white bordering, like intermingled lace-work and flowers carved in stone, which encircles it, and the tiny and delicate wreath of olive-leaves and berries, which seems thrown with careless grace around the simple deep-blue handle. Around the top runs a tracery of rich scroll-like lines and drooping lily flowers, and on the flat surface of the tea-pot itself arise fine groups of figures, represented by lyres and leaves intertwined. These groups, tiny as they are, show exquisite grace and freedom of design. All the figures are out of doors. Here a mother, still young and beautiful, teaches her eager-eyed girl the swift mysteries of woman's handicraft with the embroidery needle and the robe; there a sister, whose webs are just escaping from the classic fillet, instructs a younger sister from an open scroll in her lap; a young maiden lays her votive offering before a shrine; a huntress, with a delicate horn by her side, weeps over an unsuccessful pursuit; and last, but loveliest, a Greek

woman has left her pitcher unheeded by the well to play with a winged child, who springs lightly to her arms.

Every one knows the beautiful Wedgewood pottery with light, or dark blue, or gray surfaces and raised designs, so lovely, that few look on them without seeming to draw, for an instant, the freer breath of the old, sunshiny, poetic age of myth and song. The artist is Flaxman, who has been called the "Greek of the North," so perfectly has he caught and reproduced the antique spirit of joyous and buoyant vitality. His fine curves and delicate traceries, his richly-leaved and blooming garlands, suggest the classic grace of urn and vase, and his figures in their unfettered movement, and ease, and gladness, are the dwellers in the vales of Arcadia and beside the River Ilissus. His antiques are so fine that they are chosen by Keighley to illustrate "The Ancient Mythology of Greece and Italy;" and wisely so, for one glance at the winged and tip-toe Mercury, the defiant grace of Apollo, the huntress Diana, teaches more of the spirit of classic literature than pages of history or description underneath.

There is much said of this charming artist in Crabbe Robinson's delightful "Memoirs," in which all the great and good of his age are portrayed with genial appreciation. He gives one a pleasant idea of the symmetrical and harmonious life of Flaxman as an old man, his tranquil and serene spirit. He read the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg, and believed their teachings; and it seems to have been one of his greatest pleasures to converse with his congenial acquaintances upon the spiritual world, the eternal life which lies before us, and the beautiful laws of order by which the Lord, in His Divine Providence, governs the world. In his faith, as in his artistic works, there was none of the restless haste which blurs and mars the perfect fulfillment of the gracious design, for his heart "trusted in the Lord."

One very interesting member of Flaxman's household circle was his adopted daughter, afterwards so well known to the world by her history of long suffering and suspense, and her faithful and undying exertions—the widow of Sir John Franklin, the famous Arctic explorer. He and his brave men felt life ebbing away in the long, unbroken solitude of the Arctic Regions of snow and ice, hearing the strange, mystical "voices of the ice," as Dr. Kane thrillingly calls the straining and creaking of the frozen waters, and seeing the long, level fields of snow lighted only by the faint "snow-blink;" but all the while a brave woman's heart kept watch for the lost, and the light of her love never wavered.

Life is woven of many threads, touching in unexpected places, and I never look at this little tea-pot of mine without seeing many pictures now. First of all, the English pottery, with its workman quietly at work on the patient clay; then the far-off and old Greek world, whose stories and dreams after so many years these dissimilar, stolid, practical Englishmen are moulding into shape for the cozy, bright tea-tables of English households. I see, in imagination, the serene old artist leaving the poetic fancies of his beloved art for the dearer and brighter thoughts of a faith which look ever to the eternal things of a Heavenly home, and by his side the young girl, who is yet to give up her hero for the distant and cold seas where no vessel has found the sought-for road, and look in vain for his return. And, over all, I recognize the gracious and Divine Providence which allows nothing that is beautiful, or good, or true to perish, but is the Life of all.

E. F. MOSLEY.

## LITTLE FINGER-PRINTS.

"O ELMER"

I shut my lips very tightly to keep back the rest of the angry words, as I barred the little offender out of the room.

We were cleaning house—sister and I. She had whitened the walls with lime, and they looked very pure and sweet. I was painting the woodwork a dark color. Our bright, little three-year-old nephew came trotting along on his restless little limbs, to see what Aunt Mollie and Aunt Sue were doing, and planted his hand against the freshly-painted window-cheek. The next minute it was transferred to the wall, making there a vivid miniature of the palm and fingertips of that chubby member.

"I can wash it over with lime," said my sister.

But I would not let her. The sight of those little finger-marks touched my heart, and something seemed to tell me they would be there when the busy little hands were folded in dreamless slumber.

It was even so. A few more months of joyous, buoyant life, and then came the change.

He came to his mother one day, and said his throat was "tired." Poor little throat! Well it might be tired, when it was made the thoroughfare of so many and varied vocal exercises during the day. But the little cheeks were too red and the eyes too bright for all to be well with the little fellow. The doctor pronounced it only another case of "scarlet fever."

His father wrote us immediately. Our hearts warned us to prepare for the worst, and my thoughts turned involuntarily to the little finger-marks on the wall, and my fretful exclamation on house-cleaning day.

He was lying on the bed, one day, watching his mother set the table for supper.

"You needn't put down any plate for me, ma. What are you crying for?"

"Mamma is sorry she can't do anything to make you better."

"Oh, but you can pet me."

The next message we received was a telegram, and it said, "*Elmer is dead!*"

Dead! How the sudden, heavy word falls like lead on the heart, even when we imagine we are prepared for it. Oh, did they let the damp clouds fall as heavily on his little coffin-lid? Dead! every jar of the unfeeling world sends its thud echoing through the aching emptiness of the heart, and everywhere the dirge repeats itself in the hopeless refrain, "Dead! dead!"

Tell us not he yet lives—speak not yet of comfort and resignation. Our reason will do that when we are able to hearken. But we are of the earth—earthy; and we cling to our clay idols with all the passion of our natures. Then let us weep yet a little over the broken image, while we call to mind the thousand half-forgotten sayings and doings of our lost Elmer, while he was yet with us; how he loved to rock in the great arm-chair and sing at the top of his voice; how he would spring to gain it before his brothers could do so, and then ask, "Can't I sing, ma? Aunt Sue, can't I sing?" Sometimes I told him "No—you make too much noise." Would I could hear a note of his angel-song to-night! Ah, how he did love that little song, "Put me in my little bed." He asked his mother to sing it with his dying lips. Oh, the agony of hushing a dying child to sleep!

We have no likeness of his features; but, were I a painter, his face, as I last looked upon it, would soon go on canvas.

Happy, healthy ruddy childhood never found a

truer representation. He was starting home with his parents and little brothers from his last visit to "grandma." His cheeks shone like hardy winter apples, and his eyes were like two twinkling stars, as he threw up his blue-mittened hand and shouted "Good-bye, grandma; good-bye, Aunt Sue!"

That was his last good-bye to us; and now the little finger-marks on the wall are the shadow of an angel-hand.

MINNIE MYRTLE, JR.

## "SHADOW OF THE WINGS OF GOD."

NOT darkness, but protection  
Beneath the wings of God;  
A willing, sweet submission,  
Unto His sceptre rod.

When noonday heat advances,  
And earth is parched and dry,  
We long for cooling shadows  
Across our paths to lie.

And when the forest beckons  
Its phantom arms, we feel  
A tender love brood o'er us,  
As shadows round us steal.

We welcome the dear shadow,  
As tenderly we bless  
The soft and cooling fingers  
Which heated brows caress.

Ah, blessed be the sunshine!  
And blest the shadow, too!  
Our lives would fade and wither,  
Dear shade, if not for you.

When prone beneath the burdens  
Life gives us all to bear,  
We creep into the shadow,  
And find sweet comfort there.

It is not on the hill-top,  
A wide expanse in view,  
We find the largest pearl-drops  
Of heaven's most precious dew,

But deep in hidden valleys  
Man's feet have seldom trod,  
We find the brightest jewels  
Dropped from the hand of God.

And here, beneath the shadow,  
The overt of Thy wings,  
My soul loves best to linger,  
Its sweetest songs to sing.

Oh, dear, dear shadow, bending  
From Heaven's eternal throne!  
Let me, beneath Thy presence,  
Be evermore at home.

ALICE HAMILTON.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself. Is there a fool in all the world who cannot criticize? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

If persons were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors, they would have the happiest homes in the world.

## THE WORTH OF BEAUTY PERSONAL.

BY A LOVER OF IT.

"MY child," says a gentle Christian mother, "do not care to be pretty. Beauty is of no account. The great thing is to be good."

My good lady, with all respect let me say, you have put a false idea into the mind of that little one. In your earnestness to impress her with the worth of the holy—which is admirable—you have underrated the beautiful—which is a pity. You have spoken a noble sentence; but with it you have given forth a poor one, almost without thought. "The great thing is to be good." True. This is the fine period. In your knowledge of its truth, you quite lose sight of the utterance of the other. Not so the child. Young minds are said to be, and are, susceptible; young memories are quick. Whether you believe it or do not believe it, your pupil will recollect the didactic phrase, "Beauty is of no account." Do you believe? It would seem that some do. In the right hatred of vanity, they patronize the absurd in another direction. There is little in this world so hard to find as the "happy medium," of which we hear so much and see so little. There are few Scripture commands more worthy of heed, and more utterly unheeded, than that of "Be moderate in all things." There is nothing more common than the confounding of use with abuse. A thing may be perverted; therefore it is evil! Many handsome people are vain; therefore, to the Christian, "beauty is of no account!" Fine logic, is this not? Let us apply it elsewhere. The wicked man of talent inflicts more harm than the duller sinner; and so, forsooth, genius is worthless to the good! No evil is so powerful as the evil cloaked in the semblance of holiness; therefore, holiness is an idle or a wicked thing!

Gentle saint, your conscientiousness is a noble quality; but there is an acquired conscience, a morbid conscience, a mistaken conscience. You see the poverty of the reasoning I have sampled. Turn honestly, and find out a better. If beauty be of no account, there must be a wherefore. Give it me, if you please, and I will tell you why I deem beauty—even personal beauty, which is our present topic—a pure, an excellent and a precious thing. Nature's beauties, who does not approve? Nay, who would not consider it as blasphemy to say of all the great Creator's handiwork on every side, "Ah, well! goodness is better; therefore, all this is of no account!" For my part, I never heard this ungrateful remark; nevertheless, there are those who would scorn it utterly, who yet do practically say of that higher work of God—a perfect human form or face—'tis a poor thing, this beauty! Because God Himself is beauty, and the greatest lover of the beautiful; because all animal and inanimate beauty is a goodly thing; because Jehovah is the maker and the giver of it, personal beauty is a worthy, not an unworthy, boon. Because a face "of beauty is a joy forever," a truly handsome person being a continual source of pleasure to all beholders, even as a noble view or a glowing sunset; because the "lovely" is recommended by the great apostle to our consideration as well as the "true," the "honest," the "pure," the "just," the things of "good report;" because, in short, all that is really beautiful is likewise good, I hold beauty of person to be a matter of much and fine account. The harm lies solely in its perversion. There is no necessity that a beautiful individual should be vain. There is the temptation. But so, also, in case of talent. And few parents would instruct their children to

slight intellect on the ground that one gifted might be proud! The lack of foundation for such pride is obvious in each. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" The God who made thee made all that is good within thee. The Maker who formed thy mind, set the stamp of beauty on thy face or form. It is robbery for thee to assume the credit, and to say: "I am above others! I am beautiful!" Moreover, a vain beauty generally, by her very vanity, lessens the charm of which she is absurdly proud. But here comes the habit of extremes again. "I must not be vain; therefore I must ignore my beauty!" Nonsense, pretty girl. Don't turn away from the glass with the thought that you won't be silly, therefore you'll think you are homely. Impossible, even if it were of use. Can you look at a fine picture and persuade yourself that it is poor? No! And how should you, why should you, do so by your face? Why be unjust to the one more than to the other? True, in the face, as in the picture, you must not overrate; you must judge wisely in each, seeking for the truth. But when you have found that truth, do not discard it. Rather use it simply, modestly and gratefully. Gratefully? To be sure. When you stand before your glass, seeing a lovely face therein reflected, resist that first temptation to abandon one fault for another, though a less, and reason yourself into the proper feeling. Say frankly to self, I am beautiful, perhaps. Well, what of it? It is not my work. It is God's. And of what use may it be to me, this beauty? It can afford pleasure to others, therefore to myself. It can even help to cheer them in some mournful hour. It can gain me influence, which I may use for good. It can be a blessing, not a curse. And as such, I thank the Giver of it with a gratitude that shall tend to make me humble, and not vain.

Contrast this honest, modest speech with that of the deluded girl, who, all the while conscious of admiration, thinks she must speak against her own appearance. "Oh, I always was plain-looking!" "Yes, that would do for handsome people;" and many like expressions pass, at fit opportunities, the portal of her winning lips. Poor child! she means all for the best; but she does make a pitiful mistake. Not that I would have the pretty girl declare her own good looks; not that I would see her bold, or obtrusive, or unwomanly in any way. Far from it. But I would find her modest with a true modesty, and not with a false.

It is to the good, especially, that beauty is a blessing; whereas they, from mistaken notions, are those who oftenest depreciate it. It is to the bad and to the weak that it is a curse; yet it is these who praise it highly, though not with the true praise. Such are the inconsistencies, the contradictions of humanity. There is a so-called beauty that is only sham; and there are grades in the true beauty, from a very ordinary style up to the highest mental and spiritual beauty of expression. But to those who have and use it rightly, all real beauty must be a blessing; and to those who have it not, it were weak and cowardly to say, "You have lost nothing." Better far declare the truth, "You have lost, or you never have acquired." And the losers, if brave and good, will bear this in the spirit with which they bear any other trial. They will feel that different gifts come to different individuals, that if they have not beauty, it must be all right so, and that they have greater joys; for though of account, and much account sometimes, beauty is one of the lesser blessings, with many ranking high above it. Also, my homely friend, recollect that the finest beauty lieth in the countenance, and in

improving your mind and purifying your heart and spirit, you will surely cultivate your looks. This is, in part, why I think so many ugly children make almost handsome men and women.

Still, on the whole, beauty is an arbitrary thing. There is no manufactory of it, nor any place of sale. As Dryden finely says:

"Let honor and preferment go for gold,  
But glorious Beauty isn't to be sold."

FINIS.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 27.

THE mocking-bird sat in an elm-tree just across the street, this morning, and waked me with his jubilant song. Up and down, over and over, he ran the scales of which he was master, until tired of one place, he flew away to charm some other ear. Then I lay and listened a long time to the early sounds, as everything in nature awakened to a new day. Chickens crowed in answer to each other far and near. Guinea-fowls kept up their monotonous call in a neighboring yard. Crows cawed from a distant hill; the redbird whistled gayly in a plum-tree in the garden, and, sweetest of all, the bluebirds warbled and twittered about the eaves above our windows. It is so delightful to hear these sounds of outdoor life, after being shut up closely through all the winter mornings. The very flowers seemed to have voices, and to give expression to some glad feeling. Soon the sun rose slowly over the trees, in the far outskirts of the town, and laid a broad bar of golden light across my room. Then came little Jessie's voice, with a "good-morning" for "Auntie," and a freshly-opened flower for a fragrant offering.

Sitting since breakfast by the window, which is raised to let in the soft, balmy air of this perfect spring morning, I am thinking of many friends far away, who, perhaps, are enjoying it also. I imagine Earnest, in her beautiful home, sitting by her eastern window, where vines and pot-flowers bloom, feasting on their loveliness while her fingers are busy with work. And of Amy, looking out over the hills and fields, and thinking, perhaps, of one who used to enjoy all such scenes with her, or of the schoolmates from whom she has so lately separated. Then my thoughts fly far southward, where the roses and jessamine-bowlers shed their bloom and fragrance for so many that I love, bringing their sweets to the invalid's couch and the writer's table, and twining in the sunny hair of the bright young girl who sings about the house in gay light-heartedness. The spring-time brings an almost fairy-land beauty to them, whose loveliness I well remember, when I once moved in the midst of it, as in an enchanted dream.

Where the orange-groves of Mississippi bloom, one that I love walks with a sad heart. All the outer beauty surrounding her cannot keep sorrow and trial away from her life; but the flowers are her great comforters and companions. She works among them with loving hands and thoughts, and many a room where suffering and sorrow dwells, is brightened, I doubt not, by the floral messengers she sends into it. This morning I imagined her out among the tuberooses and lilies, filling a basket with the choicest ones, for a sacred mission; and I long to be with her, sharing the work of love, and the walk which will follow it. What long walks we used to take together in the old days whose memories are among some of the last pleasant ones before health and strength left

me. She had so many beautiful pot-plants then. The birds and flowers seemed to love her, and thrive under her care. She had a fine mocking-bird one summer, whose cage was often placed in an upper window. The house stood in a perfect grove of broad old oaks and elms, which made a home for a great variety of birds. These were soon attracted to the cage—some coming to steal the bits of food placed between its wires, others bringing berries to its little inmate. Brownie's mistress seeing this, began the habit of strewing food upon the sill in front of the cage, and soon all the birds of the grove were regular visitors. Other mocking-birds, fearless sparrows, the darling little wren, the gay woodpecker, and solemn, sleek-looking cat-bird, and the wicked, but beautiful jay. The oriole alone would not come, though she hung her swinging nest on a branch so near the window that we could almost look into it. The mocking-birds and sparrows came boldly down, and carried off crumbs as if it was their right. The shy woodpecker would cling to the shutter, or bars of the cage, slip around cautiously, snatch a morsel of bread, and be off like a flash; or else sit on a limb at some distance and wait for the more fearless jay to help himself, then dart suddenly after him and deprive him sometimes of the precious bit.

One jay, more daring than any of the rest, my friend named Bob. In the morning she would go out on the gallery, and holding up a piece of bread, call him by name. Down he would come to a branch quite near, give his harsh scream, dancing up and down on the limb in a jay-bird's peculiar way, then fly down around her head, yet never venture quite near enough to take it from her hand. But, soon as she put it on the iron balustrade, he would snatch it and fly away. The jays soon learned when noon-time came—for then they were fed with scraps of biscuit from the table, and often, as the time drew near, they would gather on the trees nearest the gallery, and the audacious Bob would scream out to hurry up the coming of his dinner. Sometimes the bread was broken into large and small pieces, so as to show a perceptible difference, and spread along on the railing. Bob would alight, look over them deliberately, hop over the small pieces and help himself to the largest one.

One day, when I was there, my friend was very busy at noon, and neglected them. A lady-caller came in soon after, and was sitting near the open hall-door, while we all chatted together. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Just look at those jays!" And, sure enough, there on the balustrade stood seven birds, who, soon as their mistress noticed them, commenced their ludicrous way of jumping and screaming, keeping it up until she got some bread for them, when they went off with loud expressions of satisfaction.

This may seem like a very strange story to some—it was so astonishing to me—but it is really true. I used to laugh at my friend for petting jay-birds, when they were such disagreeable creatures; but she said that although she did not admire their characteristics, it was such a pleasure to be able to draw the little things to her, that she enjoyed it, and was quite proud of her success. I have often wished, since I have been an invalid, to coax and tame wild birds; to get them to come near my window for crumbs, or threads to build their nests with—but there were usually chickens or cats around, and I found it impracticable. Occasionally, if I found a cat-bird or a mocking-bird near by, and the coast clear, I would, with some trouble (as I could not go for them myself), get crumbs and scatter on the ground, only to see it fly off in a

fright and leave me disappointed, until at length, if it had not been for my friend's experience, I would have thought it was only in book stories that people could do any such things with them.

The cat-birds made nearer acquaintance with me than any others, when I lived where there were large mulberry-trees, in which they built one summer. They would come down opposite my window, and pick little sticks and pull fibres off the tree roots for their nests. Mother would go out sometimes when they were away, and lay threads of yarn or cord under the trees, and they would soon come and get them. Then, if I would speak to them gently,

they would turn their heads on one side and look at me with their bright, black eyes, and flirt their long, slender tails; but if I threw crumbs, they always flew, or if I scattered them while they were gone, they would not pick them up on returning. I am going to try again this summer, however, for there are no chickens here, and Lizzie says that the little brown sparrows came down near the door of our room last year to pick the seeds off some tall grass that grew there, and the crumbs from the dining-room windows. If I succeed, I shall tell you about it, for I shall be proud of my triumph.

LICHEN.

## The Temperance Cause.

### SOME STATISTICS.

IT looks as if the Moffett bell-punch were about to come into extensive use by debt-burdened cities and States. The discussion of the question in various newspapers has brought out some rather ugly-looking statistics. The *Globe-Democrat* says, that in the city of St. Louis there are upwards of four thousand drinking-saloons, and estimates ten dollars a day, or forty thousand dollars, as a low figure for the income of each. This would make the annual cost of drinking to the people of St. Louis, fourteen million six hundred thousand dollars. Out of this, under the Moffett bell-punch law, the city would get a revenue, according to the *Globe-Democrat*, of nearly two million dollars.

According to the *Boston Herald*, there are considerably over six thousand places in Massachusetts where liquor is sold; and it is estimated that, if the bell-punch law were enacted, three million dollars a year would be added to the revenue of the State.

The *New York Sun* has the following: "The President of the Wine and Spirit Traders' Society says, that sixty million dollars are spent in our city bar-rooms in a year. There are eight thousand liquor-saloons, averaging, so he thinks, twenty dollars per day, or one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the lot. Deduct the fifty-two Sundays, and we have a grand aggregate of fifty million eighty thousand dollars. Add what is sold on Sunday in violation of the law, and the figures will easily reach sixty million dollars. This sum, at ten cents a glass, would cover six hundred million drinks. But we estimate the proportion of malt liquors as three to one, and as lager-beer and ale in a large majority of saloons are but five cents a glass, we are safe in putting the number of drinks sold yearly in this city at one billion two hundred million. Say that three hundred million of these are alcoholic and nine hundred million malt, the Moffett law would return seven million five hundred thousand dollars taxes for the former and four million five hundred thousand dollars for the latter—an aggregate of twelve million dollars a year."

Of Cincinnati, the *Christian Advocate* says: "There are at least three thousand saloons in Cincinnati. If these sell on an average one hundred and fifty drinks a day, it would make a total of four hundred and fifty thousand drinks per day. A tax of one cent for each drink would bring four thousand five hundred dollars per day, and one million six hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred dollars per year. This is nearly or quite enough to pay the interest on our enormous debt."

From North Carolina, we have these figures in the

*Raleigh Daily News*: "Not less than six millions of dollars are spent in the bar-rooms of North Carolina in a year. The last annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue fixes the number of liquor-saloons in the State at one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four. It is fair to assume that they average ten dollars per day for drinks sold, or eighteen thousand eight hundred and forty dollars for the lot. Deduct the fifty-two Sundays, and we have a grand aggregate of five million eight hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars. Add what is sold on Sunday in violation of the law, and the figures will easily reach six million dollars. This sum, at ten cents a glass, will cover sixty million drinks. For this the Moffett law would return one million five hundred thousand dollars taxes."

These are enough to give some idea of the enormous sum paid for drink by the people of the United States, and to corroborate all that temperance writers and speakers have said about the vast extent of a traffic which, for every dollar of revenue it gives to the State, taxes it with at least ten dollars for the support and punishment of the pauperism and crime it creates.

In this "new way of paying old debts," we can see no real gain to the cause of temperance. It will not lessen the evil, but makes its position stronger. The city or State which can get one, or two, or ten millions of revenue in a year from this new tax on drinking, will not easily be led to lay an interdict on the wretched traffic. Our people are not yet ready to set humanity and righteousness above an evil gain; and until that day comes, we shall have to suffer the inevitable consequences of a licensed sale of intoxicants.

The *National Temperance Advocate*, remarking upon the moral as well as the economic aspect of this new effort to throw legal protection around liquor-selling, says: "Grant that through the agency of the bell-punch plan, applied to the liquor traffic, as a special tax upon the consumers, as well as to the makers and venders of liquors, a large sum of money in the aggregate could be gathered into the public treasury, there would still be two sides to the account. In the light of what is already known of the economic bearing of the drink-traffic upon the public welfare, the larger the sales of liquors, and the larger the amount of revenue derived therefrom, the greater is the impoverishment of the community as a whole. The people of any community or State who largely consume liquors, are invariably and inevitably a people who are obliged not only to pay heavily for the results of the drink, in the way of pauperism, crime

and other kindred taxation, but their wealth-producing capacity also greatly depreciates. Were ever so much money to be collected through the liquor bell-punch, it would still remain true to the State, as of the individual, that ill-gotten gains are, in the end, always unprofitable."

### EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

**D**R. BENJAMIN R. RICHARDSON thus describes the effect of alcohol on the mind:

An analysis of the condition of mind induced and maintained by the free daily use of alcohol as a drink, reveals a singular order of facts. The manifestation fails altogether to reveal the exaltation of any reasoning power in a useful or satisfactory direction. I have never met with an instance in which such a claim for alcohol was made. On the contrary, confirmed alcoholics constantly say that for this or that work, requiring thought and attention, it is necessary to forego some of the usual potations in order to have a cool head for hard work.

On the other side the experience is unfortunately overwhelming in favor of the observation that the use of alcohol sells the reasoning power, makes weak men and women the easy prey of the wicked and strong, and leads men and women who should know better into every grade of misery and vice. It is not poor,

repenting Cassio alone who cries out in agony of despair: "Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!" It is thousands upon thousands of Cassios who say the same thought, if not the same words, every day, every hour. I doubt, indeed, whether there is a single man or woman who indulges, or who has indulged in alcohol, who could not truthfully say the same; who could not wish that something he had unreasonably said or expressed under the excitation from alcohol had not been given forth.

If, then, alcohol enfeebles the reason, what part of the mental constitution does it exalt and excite? It exalts and excites those animal, organic, emotional centres of mind which, in the dual nature of man, so often cross and oppose that pure and abstract reasoning nature which lifts man above the lower animals, and, rightly exercised, little lower than the angels. Exciting these animal centres, it lets loose all the passions, and gives them more or less of unlicensed domination over the whole man. It excites anger, and when it does not lead to this extreme it keeps the mind fretful, irritable, dissatisfied, captious. The flushed face of the red-hot angry man, how like it is to the flushed face of the man in the first stage of alcoholic intoxication. The face, white with rage, and the tremulous, agitated muscles of the body, how like both are to the pale face and helpless muscles of the man deep in intoxication from alcohol. The states are not simply similar, they are identical, and the one will feed the other.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

**E**VERY season brings its special attractions in dress, and the fashion-makers seem to have endless resources in the creation of new styles, and in reviving and varying old ones. For the coming summer novelties of all kinds are heralded, and all tastes provided for. We can only make a few running notes.

The general slender outline of all costumes, which has prevailed during the last year is still continued, and good taste is shown in a diminution rather than an increase of ornamentation. The polonaise, in one form or another, is still popular. Summer bourettes, grenadines and washable fabrics are used.

Coats and cutaway-jackets continue to be very popular. They are in silks, cashmeres, bourettes, serges, camel's-hair, buntings, lined grenadines, etc., also in linens, chambrays, piques and gingham. A cutaway-basque, with a deep, rolling collar and an under-vest that has a standing-collar is mentioned as a charming style for either the house or street wear.

In bonnets, the greatest elegance is represented by those of colored straw. Formerly straw bonnets were of straw color, and, at most, some were black. Now, however, they are made in all shades, to match all dresses. Some of these are very pretty, as, for instance, maroon, trimmed with leaves, chestnut blossoms, and even very young chestnuts; dark reseda, trimmed with clusters of mignonette mixed with small roses and sprays of myasotis; rose-color, with clusters of white and pink acacias; blue, with bunches of bluebells; gray, with silver thistles and foliage powdered with diamond dust. The taste and fancy displayed in these details excite surprise and admiration. The shape of these bonnets is nearly always

the capote, and frequently also that known as the Marie Stuart, with point in front.

White muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long princess polonaises, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin-faced moire ribbons in several tones of color.

A jacket for a girl is very like a boy's garment. The new model has a sack front, surtout back, a deep, rolling collar and side pockets, and is very coquettish in its fashioning and very plain in completion.

Small gilt buttons are used for the waistcoats of dressy black suits.

Belted habit basques will be much worn this summer for wash goods dresses.

Steel springs are used in the place of whalebones in the latest imported dresses.

The new Spanish lace scarfs for the neck are either black, white or beige colored.

The latest novelty in belts are of wide brocaded belting ribbon, fastened with large mother-of-pearl buckles.

Wash goods, such as prints and percales, will be trimmed with solid colors of cambric in bands or flat pipings.

The prettiest white morning wrappers are made with a deep, square yoke entirely of open needlework, wide embroideries down the front, a wateau pleat in the back and the sleeves and deep Spanish flounce also embroidered.

The favorite buttons for wash goods are of porcelain.

Dotted muslins will be very fashionable this summer.

There is a diminution in the size of the newest bonnets, and they set close to the head in a more subdued fashion than formerly.

## New Publications.

**Francaelli's Modern Cook-Book.** A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches. Comprising, in addition to English Cookery, the most Approved and Recherché Systems of all kinds of French, Italian and German Cookery: adapted for the use of Hotels, Restaurants, Cake-Bakers and the Largest Establishments, as well as for the use of all Private Families. By Charles Elme Francaelli, Pupil to the celebrated Carême, and late Maître d'Hôtel and Chief Cook to Her Majesty, Victoria, the Queen of England. With Sixty-two Illustrations of various Dishes. Reprinted from the Ninth London Edition, Revised and Enlarged. The whole of the above, comprising one thousand four hundred and sixty-two recipes, is in one large royal octavo volume of six hundred pages, printed on fine tinted paper, strongly bound, and forms one of the largest and most complete works on all kinds of cookery and bills of fare for all days in the year ever published.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the United States International Exhibition. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Barrie. Forty numbers of this splendid publication have been issued, and the publishers announce that six more will complete the work. All who have seen, or who possess the numbers which have appeared, need not to be told how excellent and beautiful it is in every way. For those who have not yet seen it, we quote the following just and high praise from the pen of Professor B. Silliman, of New Haven, Conn.: "As a memorial of an event which is monumental in our national history, this Illustrated Catalogue is most welcome to all who attended the Exposition, as a perpetual reminder of its most charming attractions; and even to those who were

unable to witness it, this Catalogue will prove a valuable teacher. Having edited the Illustrated Record of the New York Exposition of 1851, I am perhaps the better able than some to appreciate the remarkable advance which has been made in this country and the world since that time in the arts of typography, engraving and all the mechanical details of book-making—an advance which has placed America fully abreast of other nations, and of which this Illustrated Catalogue is an excellent testimonial." The work is sold by subscription, at fifty cents a number. When completed, it will make three large and elegant quarto volumes, each treating of a special subject. I. Fine Art. II. Industrial Art. III. Mechanics and Science. In each of which will be presented finely-engraved illustrations of the most remarkable and attractive objects that were on exhibition.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington.** By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

**The Image Unveiled.** By Miss L. Bates, author of "The Seymours." New York: National Temperance Society and Publishing House.

**Princess Eve.** By Clementine Helm. Translated by Rosa Sachs. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

**Viva. A Novel.** By Mrs. Forrester, author of "Diana Carew." Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

## Editor's Department.

### Bad Reading for the Young.

A VERY serious danger to our youth is to be found in the sensational story-papers for boys, which, in the past few years, have obtained a large circulation. Some of these are vile in character, and most of them make light of crimes and immoralities. The imaginations of their young readers are poisoned by things indelicate and impure; their minds rendered familiar with vice and profanity, and their moral sense blunted and depraved. What greater evil can come to a nation than the corruption of its youth? And this is just what is being done to the youth of America by the circulation among them of a literature which has in it no redeeming quality.

Of such magnitude has this evil grown, that it has attracted public attention, and the press all over the country is sounding the alarm to parents and guardians, and all who have the care of young people. Professor W. G. Sumner, in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, devoted to the consideration of this subject, says: "These periodicals seem to be intended for boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, although they often treat of older persons. Probably many boys outgrow them and come to see the folly and falsehood of them. It is impossible, however, that so much corruption should be afloat and not exert some influence. We say nothing of the great harm which

is done to boys of that age by the nervous excitement of reading harrowing and sensational stories, because the literature before us only participates in that harm with other literature of far higher pretensions. But what we have said suffices to show that these papers poison boys' minds with views of life which are so base and false as to destroy all manliness and all chances of true success. How far they are read by boys of good home influences we are, of course, unable to say. They certainly are within the reach of all. They can be easily obtained, and easily concealed, and it is a question for parents and teachers how far this is done. Persons under those responsibilities ought certainly to know what the character of this literature is."

We add our word of warning. Let no parent be indifferent to the literature that finds its way into the hands of his children. Better poison in their bread, than a deadly virus in their mental and moral food.

### A New Resort for Excursionists.

NEAR Hammononton, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, there is a beautiful lake, extending in its windings near a mile and a half, with an average breadth of a quarter of a mile. The country around it is very lovely, and along its northern border are located some of the finest modern resi-

dences and gardens of Hammononton. Since last fall the ground lying contiguous to and embracing a portion of this lake have been greatly improved, and will be opened this year for pic-nics and summer excursions. A large, neat building, for shelter and dancing; boat-houses on the lake, with plenty of boats for rowing and sailing; summer-houses and rustic seats in the woods and on the banks; plenty of bass in the lake, to afford fine sport to the fishermen—these are some of the attractions of the resort. A special station on the railroad will land excursionists within five minutes' walk of the park, and, with all the accommodations of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, there can be no doubt that during the coming summer thousands of visitors will enjoy a trip to this beautiful place.

#### Listening to the Birds.

THE pleasant picture which makes the frontispiece to this number fitly illustrates the following stanzas by M. Louise Chitwood, the gentle Western poetess whose sweet singing voice charmed us for a little while, and then grew silent in this world:

Singing in the valleys,  
Where the waters flow;  
Singing in the quiet dells,  
Where the lilies grow;  
Singing on the uplands,  
Thro' the summer's day,  
On the emerald hill-side,  
Where the lambkins play.  
Dear birdies, dear birdies,  
I will learn from you  
How to frame my pleasant thoughts  
Into singing, too.

Springs the lark at morning  
To the azure sky,  
Gentle wings the robin,  
Softly lifts on high.  
Starts the ground-bird trilling  
From the grassy nest,  
And the happy thrushes  
Warble with the rest.  
Dear birdies, dear birdies,  
I will learn from you  
How to mount on thankful wings,  
Up to heaven, too.

Building in the wild-brier,  
Tiny nests so sly,  
In the quiet woodland,  
Where the shadows lie;  
'Neath the grassy covert,  
'Neath the fragrant leaves,  
By the waving river,  
Underneath the eaves,  
Dear birdies, dear birdies,  
I must learn from you,  
That to make a happy home,  
I must labor, too.

Drinking from the lily-urn  
Drops of sparkling dew,  
Laving in the quiet lake,  
Flashing up so blue.  
Flying thro' the summer's rain,  
With a merry wing;  
Surely such a pleasant bath  
Is a blessed thing.

Dear birdies, dear birdies,  
I will learn from you  
That the sparkling water-fount  
Is a blessing, too.

Pretty little warblers!  
Joyous-hearted throng!  
Through the storm's dark pauses  
I have heard your song.  
Be the days of tempest,  
Still your songs ye pour,  
And when storms are over  
Then you sing the more.  
Dear birdies, dear birdies,  
I will learn from you  
How to pass the gloomy hours  
With a carol, too.

#### The Wife of our President.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Home Monthly* pays this beautiful tribute to Mrs. Hayes: "There is a simple kindliness in her spirit, and a genial Western cordiality in her manner, which win all who are brought within her influence. She has none of the affectations of 'swell society,' and gives no countenance to its vices. Her dinners are wineless. Diplomats may make wry faces, and politicians swear that they are water-logged, but when they dine at the table of the president they must conform to the principles of its presiding genius. All this is, of course, shockingly destitute of 'style and tone,' and 'all that sort of thing, you know,' but Mrs. Hayes can well afford to dispense with the commendations of stylish and tonish people for the sake of the invaluable good sure to follow such an example. A good deed shines far in this naughty world, and this practical example of practical temperance in so exalted a station is worth scores of temperance lectures and whole libraries of temperance fiction; for this is not a word spoken, or an act imagined, but a deed done, and done, too, against all the force of social usage and time-honored precedent.

"A prominent politician was asked the other day if he approved of President Hayes's administration. He responded: 'No, but I approve of his administratrix.'"

In our next number will be commenced the new serial story of American life, by EMMA E. BREWSTER, entitled "ALMA'S CROWN."

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Woman to the Rescue; A Story of the Crusade..	1.25
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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

**Ladies' and Children's Garments.****6233***Front View.***6233***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 6233.—To make this costume for a child of 3 years, will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of dark goods of either width. The model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 1.—GIRLS' COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 1.—Any linen or cotton fabric makes up very prettily by this model. The pattern is No. 6248, and is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, while its price is 30 cents. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required.

**6231***Front View.***6231***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 6231.—The pattern to this little costume is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment as above represented for a child of 4 years,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6243***Front View.***6243***Back View.***BOYS' SHIRT-WAIST.**

No. 6243.—Calico, lawn or muslin will be found suitable for this waist, and the trimming need be only of the simplest description. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 2 to 10 years of age and costs 20 cents. It requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 36 inches wide to make the waist for a boy of 8 years.

**6232***Front View.***6232***Back View.***GIRLS' APRON.**

No. 6232.—This pretty apron is made of white cambric, trimmed with narrow ruffles of embroidery. Its model is in one size and calls for  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide, to make an apron like it. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



6245

*Front View.*

## LADIES' SCARF WRAP.

No. 6245.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

## GIRLS' COAT, WITH A VEST.

No. 6250.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and its price is 25



6250

*Front View.*

6250

*Back View.*

6245

*Back View.*

6249

*Front View.*

cents. To make the garment for a girl of 7 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of dark goods in either width for the vest.

## LADIES' MANTILLA.

No. 6249.—The pattern to this modish wrap is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide.



6249

*Back View.*

6246

*Front View.*

6235

*Front View.*

6235

*Back View.*

6246

*Back View.*

## MISSES' GORED WAIST.

No. 6235.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for 2 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, in making the waist for a miss of 13 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

## LADIES' PLAITED BLOUSE, WITH A "STOLE" COLLAR.

No. 6246.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the blouse for a lady of medium size,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. It is suitable for any material adapted to Summer wear.



6241

*Front View.*

## MISSSES' PLAITED BLOUSE, WITH A YOKE.

No. 6241.—The pattern to this garment is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6252

## CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

No. 6252.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age, and will usually be chosen with waist model No. 4667. To make the petticoat for a child of 6 years, 1½ yard of goods 36 inches wide will be required. Price of either pattern, 15 cents.



6241

*Back View.*

6244

*Front View.*

## LADIES' FICHU MANTILLA.

No. 6244.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, together with ¾ yard 22 inches wide for a collar facing, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6244

*Back View.*

6236

*Front View.*

6236

*Back View.*

## MISSSES' GORED BASQUE.

No. 6236.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years, 1½ yard of figured goods and 1½ yard of plain, each 22 inches wide, will be required. In goods 48 inches wide, ¾ yard of each will suffice for a miss of the age mentioned. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6238

*Front View.*

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6238.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of light goods and 1½ yard of dark, each 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard of light and one yard of dark, each 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

6238 *Back View.*

# **LADIES' BELTED POLONAISE.**

No. 6237. — This style of polonaise is particularly desirable for washable fabrics, and being decidedly plain is very easily laundered. Lawn polonaises made by this model will be trimmed with ruffles or plaittings of the material, edged with white or tinted lace, or with print- ed borders of the same. The bow, belt, and bands about the sleeve trimming will be of velvet or ribbon to match the color of the embroidery. Batiste polonaises of this description may be handsomely finished by using *écru* lace on the bottom and heading it by a row of *écru* insertion, from under which the edges are stitched. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. In making the polonaise for a lady of medium size, 54 yards of goods 36 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide, will be needed.



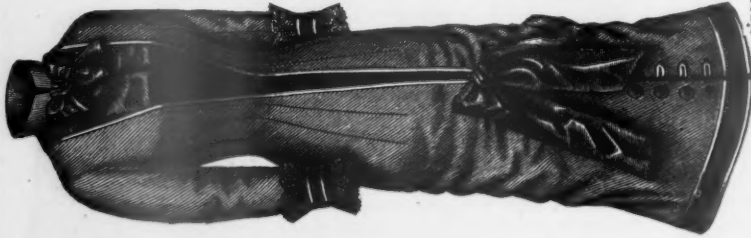
6237

Front View.



6237

Back View.



6256

Front View.



6256

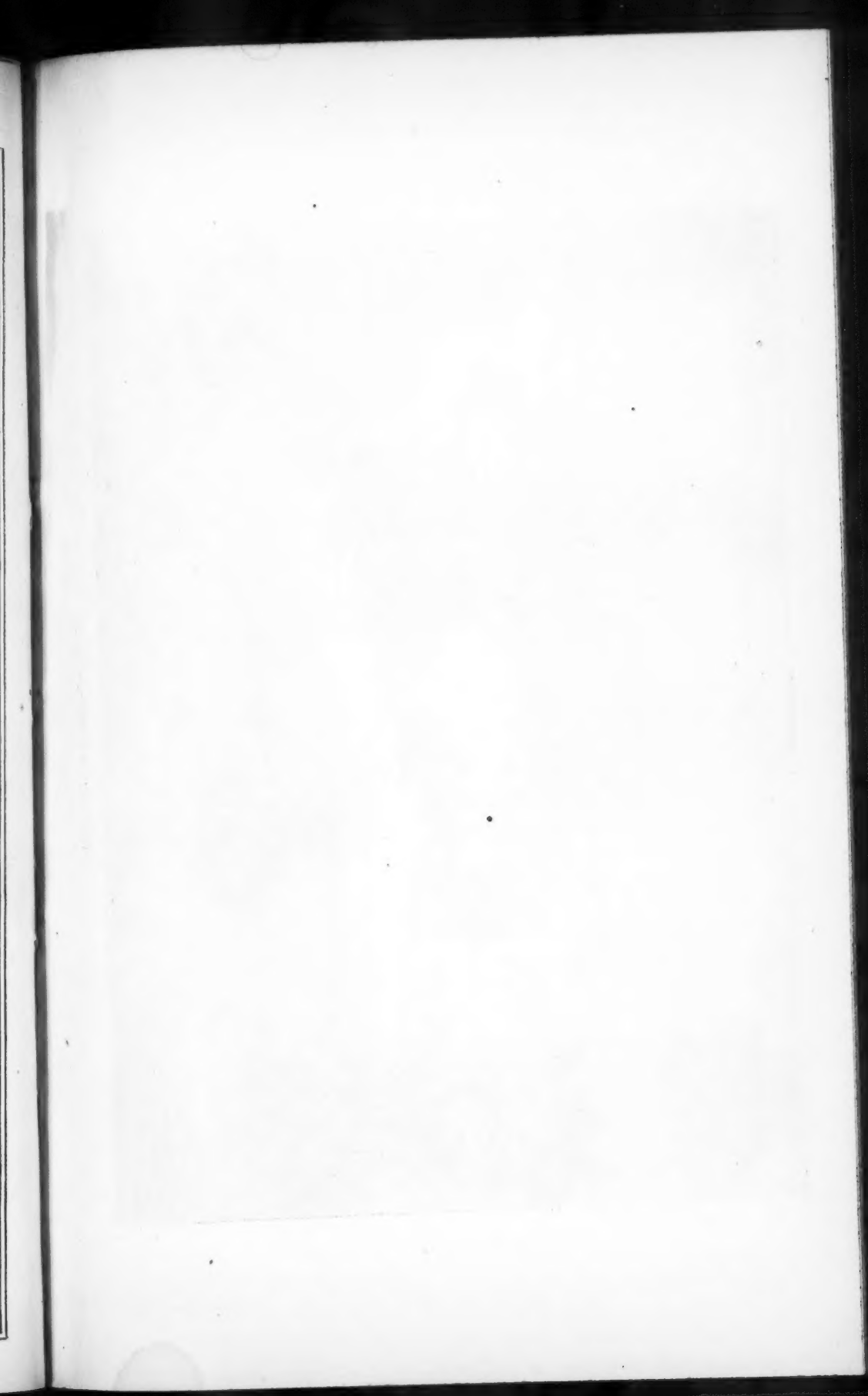
Back View.

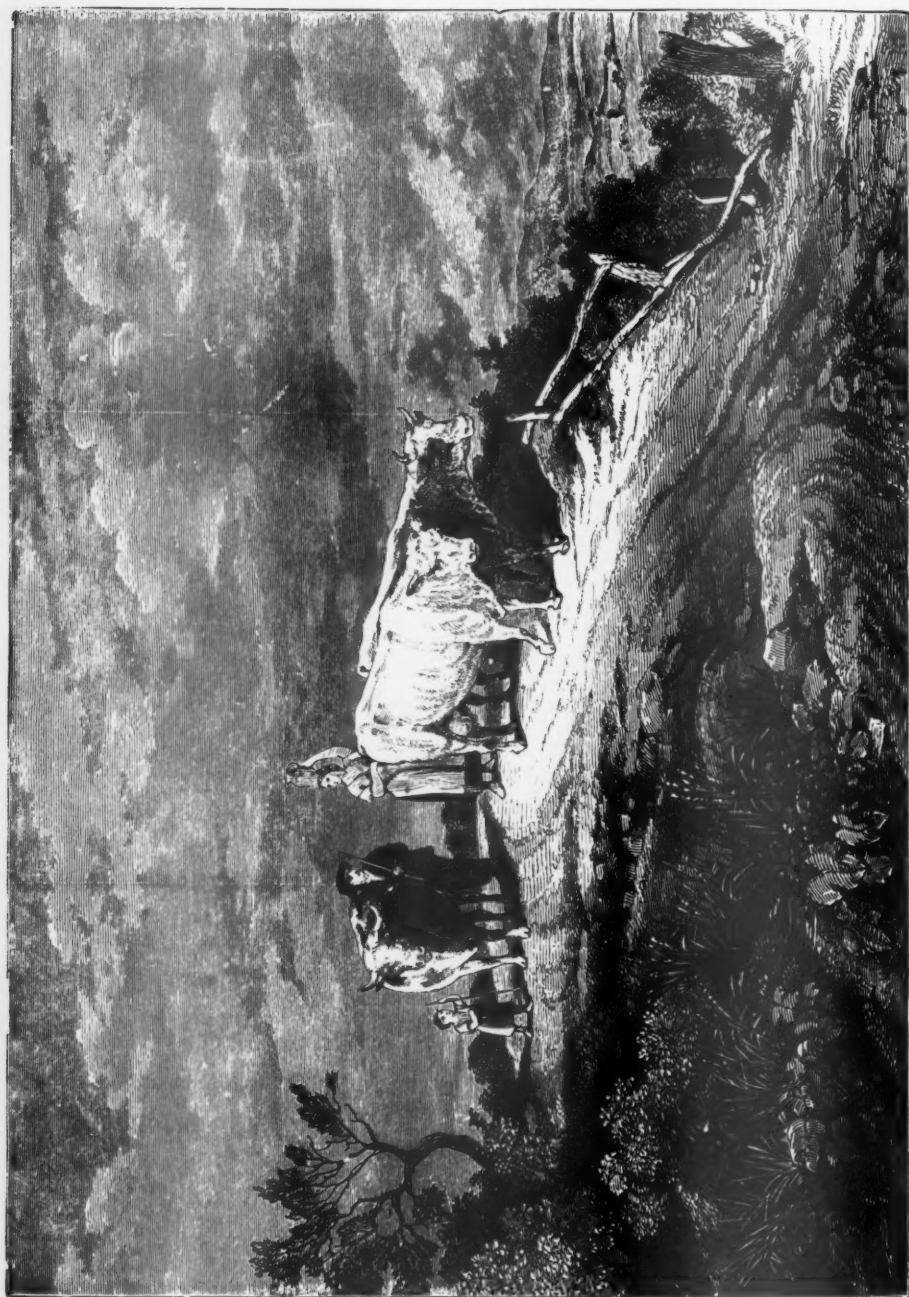
# **LADIES' POLO-NAISE.**

No. 6256. — This handsome polonaise can be made of grenadine, silk or any dress material, and trimmed to suit the taste. Upon grenadine, grass fringe, French lace, satin or silk bound slashes or scoops will be used as decorations. The model is pretty for light suit goods that will drape easily, and for such a garment worsted fringe is a suitable trimming. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. It will require 11½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise for a lady of medium size.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





WELCOME TO SUMMER.—Page 363.

